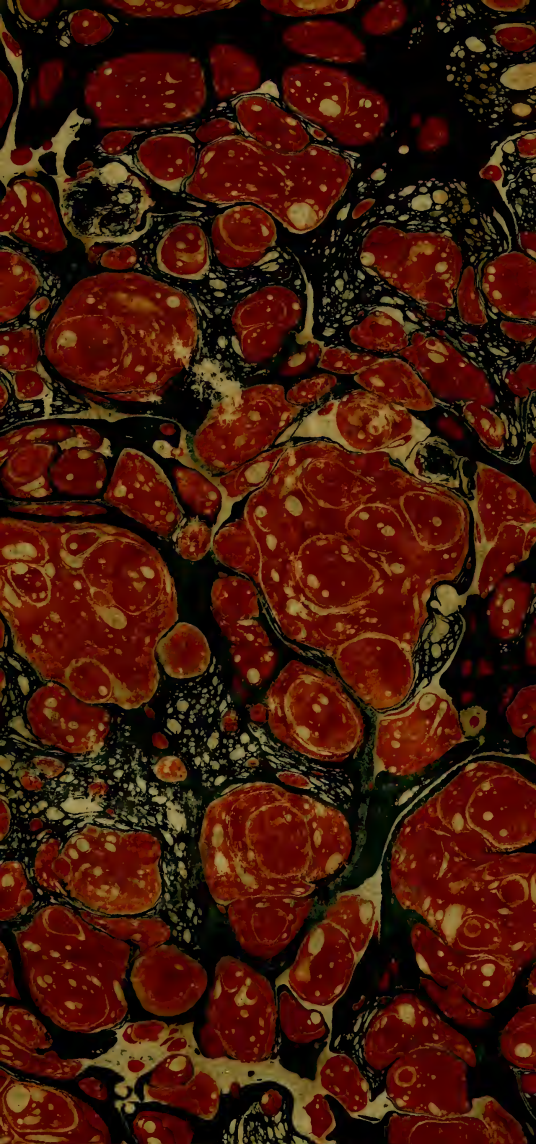


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in pencil

With noteworthy Coleridge

authenticated. See letter

criticising Bowles's poetry

Bowles was greatly praised

by Coleridge as a poet











Craig del.

Scott Scul.

*He sees the smoke of burning villages
Ascend, and thinks ev'n now he counts his spoil.*

Book 5.th

THE
SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY;
OR,
THE CONQUEST
OF
OCEAN.

A POEM, IN FIVE BOOKS:

WITH NOTES, HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE.

BY THE
REVEREND WM. LISLE BOWLES,
Prebendary of Salisbury,
And Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

E CONSPECTU SICULÆ TELLURIS, IN ALTUM. VIRGIL.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;
AND SOLD BY
CADELL AND DAVIES, STRAND, AND J. MAWMAN,
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TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,

THIS POEM,

ON A SUBJECT CONNECTED WITH THE GREATNESS

AND RENOWN OF

THE BRITISH EMPIRE,

IS HUMBLY AND GRATEFULLY

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

DEVOTED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

DONHEAD, NOV. 3, 1804.

321342

BOOK I.

THE VISION OF THE ARK.

BOOK II.

ÆGYPTIANS AND PHŒNICIANS.

BOOK III.

THE FALL OF BABYLON, TO THE FOUNDING
ALEXANDRIA.

BOOK IV.

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY, IN THE ATLANTIC,
CAPE OF GOOD-HOPE, AMERICA, &c.

BOOK V.

GENERAL RECAPITULATION, AND CONCLUSION.

INTRODUCTION.

I Need not perhaps inform the reader, that I had before written a Canto on the subject of this poem; but I was dissatisfied with the metre, and felt the necessity of some connecting idea that might give it a degree of unity and coherence.

This difficulty I considered as almost inseparable from the subject; I therefore relinquished the design of making an extended poem on events, which, though highly interesting and poetical, were too unconnected with each other to unite properly in one regular whole. But on being kindly permitted to peruse the sheets of Mr. Clarke's valuable work on the History of Navi-

gation, I conceived (without supposing *historically* with him that all ideas of navigation were derived from the ark of Noah) that I might adopt the circumstance *poetically*, as capable of furnishing an unity of design ; besides which it had the advantage of giving a more serious cast and character to the whole.

To obviate such objections as might be made by those who, from an inattentive survey, might imagine there was any *carelessness of arrangement*, I shall lay before the reader a *general analysis* of the several books ; and, I trust, he will readily perceive a leading principle, on which the poem begins, proceeds, and ends.

I feel almost a necessity for doing this in *justice* to myself, as some compositions have been certainly misunderstood, where the *connection* might, by the least attention, have been perceived. In going over part of the same ground which I had taken before, I could not always avoid the use of similar expressions.

I trust I need not apologize for having, in some instances, departed from strict historical facts. It

is not true that Camoens sailed with Da Gama, though, from the authority of Voltaire it has been sometimes supposed. There are other circumstances for which I may have less reason to expect pardon. The Ægyptians were never, or but for a short time, a maritime nation. In answer to this, I must say, that *history* and *poetry* are two things; and though the poet has no right to *contradict* the historian, yet, if he find two opinions upon points of history, he may certainly take that which is most susceptible of poetical ornament, particularly if it have sufficient plausibility, and the sanction of respectable names.

In deducing the first maritime attempts from THEBES, so called from THEBAOTH, the ARK, founded by the sons of Cush, who first inhabited the caves on the granite mountains of Æthiopia, I have followed the idea of Bruce, which has many testimonies, particularly that of Herodotus, in its favour. In making the ships of Ammon first pass the straits of Babelmandel, and sail to Ophir, I have the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. But still these points must, from their nature, be

obscure; the poet, however, has a right to build upon them, whilst what he advances is not in *direct contradiction* to all historical admitted facts. He may take what is *shadowy*, if it be *plausible*, poetical, and coherent with his general plan. Having said ingenuously thus much, I hope I shall not be severely accused for having admitted, *en passant*, some ideas (which may be thought visionary) in the notes, respecting the allusion to the ark in Theocrytus, the situation of Ophir, the temple of Solomon, and the alnum tree.

I must also submit to the candour of the critic, the necessity I sometimes felt myself under of varying the verse, and admitting, when the subject seemed particularly to require it, a break into the ode measure, as where the Siege of Acre is introduced. He will consider, as this poem is neither didactic, nor epic, that might lead on the mind by diversity of characters, and of prospects; it was therefore necessary (at least I thought myself at liberty so to do) to break the uniformity of the subject by digression, contrast, occasional change of verse, &c. But after all,

at a time so unfavourable to long poems, I doubt whether the reader will have patience to accompany me to the end of my *circum-navigation*. If he do, and if this much larger poetical work than I have ever attempted, should be as favourably received as what I have before published has been, I shall sincerely rejoice.

At all events, in an age which I think has produced genuine poetry, if I cannot say “ *Ed Io, anchi, sono pittore;*” it will be a consolation to me to reflect, that I have no otherwise courted the muse, but as the consoler of sorrow, the painter of scenes romantic and interesting, the hand-maid of GOOD SENSE, UNADULTERATED FEELINGS, and RELIGIOUS HOPE.

It was at first intended that the Poem should consist of six books; one book being assigned to Da Gama, and another to Columbus. These have been compressed; which I was the more inclined to do, as the great subject of the DISCOVERY of AMERICA is in the hands of such poets as Mr. SOUTHEY and Mr. ROGERS.

There are some inaccuracies and verbal errors, which the author need not point out. He has, however, no objection to the strictest investigation of the faults of this Poem, if it be pursued in the spirit of *fair criticism*, and the opinions conveyed in *the language of a GENTLEMAN!*

The reader is requested to peruse the *Poem* the first time, *passing over the Notes*, which perhaps had better have been printed at the conclusion of the whole.

ERRATA.

- Page 6, line 5, for *lifts*, read *raises*.
 — 11, l. 5, for *to brave*, read *to stem*.
 — 60, l. 11, for *Of Cerne, and the green Hesperides*,
 read *Forsaken of the green Hesperides*.
 — 71, l. 7, for *thy poor*, read *the poor*.
 — 86, l. 16, for *Pope*, read *Bryant*.
 — 96, l. 16, for *Junkseilon*, read *Ceilon*.
 — 112, l. 7, for *upon*, read *on*.
 l. 10, for *saw* read *seen*.
 — 113, at the top, *To Reflections suggested by*, add
 the Conclusion of the last Book.
 — 144, l. 2, for *were*, read *where*.
 — 148, l. 2, for *gently stern*, read *nobly stern*.
 — 150, l. 3, for *Love upon the prow*, read *Love, a blooming boy*.
 l. 7, for *regions*, read *scenes*.
 — 158, l. 10, for *duty*, read *duly*.
 — 162, l. 11, for *but nought around is dark*,
 read *nought around is mark'd, &c.*
 — 161, l. last, for *guardian in waters*,
 read *guardian in the wastes*.
 — 191, l. 1, for *of life*, read *of love*.
 l. 3, for *to move*, read *no more*.
 — 192, l. 1, for *devasting*, read *destroying*,

The sense requires a *full stop* at "*speaks nothing*," page 149, last line but one:—a *comma* at "*beneath*," p. 147, l. 16:—p. 146, l. 29, there is a word too many.

ANALYSIS

OF

BOOK THE FIRST;

OR

GENERAL SURVEY, and INTRODUCTION.

THE Book opens with the resting of the Ark on the mountains of the great Indian Caucasus, considered by many authors as Ararat: the present state of the *inhabited* world, contrasted with its melancholy appearance immediately after the flood. The poem returns to the situation of our forefathers on leaving the ark; beautiful evening described. The angel of destruction appears to Noah in a dream, and informs him that although he and his family alone have escaped, that the VERY ARK, which was the means of his present preservation, shall be the cause of the future triumph of Destruction.

In his dream, the evils in consequence of the discovery of America, the slave-trade, &c. are set before him. Noah, waking from disturbed sleep, ascends the summit of Caucasus. An angel appears, tells him the appearance in his dream WAS PERMITTED BY THE ALMIGHTY; that he is commissioned to explain every thing: he presents to his view the *shadow of the world* as it exists; regions are pointed out; the dispersion of mankind; the rise of superstition; the birth of a SAVIOUR, and the triumph of Charity: that navigation shall be the means of extending the knowledge of God over the globe; and though some evils must take place, happiness and love shall finally prevail upon the earth.

BOOK THE SECOND

Commences with an ardent wish, that as our Forefather viewed the world clearly displayed before him in a vision, so we of these late days might be able, thro' the clouds of time, to look back upon the early ages of the globe; we might then see, in their splendour, Thebes, Edom, &c.; but the early history of mankind is obscure, the only certain light is from the sacred writings. By these we are informed of the

dispersion of earth's first inhabitants, after the flood. The descendants of HAM, after this dispersion, according to Bruce, having first gained the summits of the Ethiopian mountains, there form subterraneous abodes. In process of time they descend, people Ægypt, build Thebes; obscure tradition of the Ark; first make voyages, &c.

Ophir is not long afterwards discovered. This Bruce places, with most respectable authority, at Sofala; I have ventured to place it otherwise, but still admitting one general idea, that when the way to it over land was attended with difficulties, an easier course was at last opened by sea. As to Ammon's exploits, I must shelter myself under the authority of Sir Isaac Newton. After a sacrifice, by the Ægyptians, the monsoon sets in. The ships follow its direction, as the mariners imagine a God leads them. Hence the discovery of so much of the world by *sea*. Reflection on Commerce. The voyage of Solomon. A description of the glory of TYRE, the most commercial mart of the early world. Tyrian discoveries in the Mediterranean; voyages to the coast of Italy and Spain, to the Straits, and from thence to BRITAIN.

Tyre is destroyed, and the thought naturally arises, that Britain, which, at the time of the splendour of the

maritime Tyrians, was an obscure island, is now at the *summit of maritime renown*; while TYRE is a place where only “the fisherman dries his net.” This leads to ANEULOGIUM ON ENGLAND; and the book concludes with the triumphs of her fleets and armies on that very shore, where science, and art, and commerce, and MARITIME RENOWN, first arose.

This digression, introducing the feige of Acre, appeared to the author not only natural, but in some measure necessary, to break the uniformity of the subject.

THE THIRD BOOK

Commences with the feelings excited by the conclusion of the last, by a warm wish that England may for ages retain her elevated rank. This leads to the consideration of her NAVAL OPULENCE, which carries us back to the subject we had left—THE FATE OF TYRE.

The history of the empires succeeding Tyre is touched on: the fall of her destroyer, Babylon; the succession of Cyrus; the character of Cyrus, and his want of enlarged policy, having so many means of encouraging commerce; his ill-fated expedition to the East-Indies.

ALEXANDER the GREAT first conceives the idea of establishing a vast MARITIME EMPIRE: in his march of conquest, proceeds to the last river of the Panjab, the Hyphasis, which descends into the Indus, the sources of which are near the mountains of CAUCASUS, WHERE THE ARK RESTED.

The Indian account of the Deluge, it is well known, resembles most wonderfully the history of Moses. When Alexander can proceed no farther, poetical fiction introduces the person of a Brahman, who relates the history of the Deluge: viz. that *one sacred man was*, in this part of the world, *miraculously preserved by an ark*; the farther march of the conqueror, towards the holy spot, is deprecated: his best glory shall be derived from THE SEA, and from UNITING EITHER WORLD IN COMMERCE. Alexander is animated with the idea; and his fleet, under Nearchus, proceeds down the Indus to the sea. This forms a middle, connected with the account of the deluge, book first.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NEARCHUS' voyage being accomplished, and Alexandria now complete, Commerce is represented standing on the Pharos, and calling to all nations.

The tide of commerce would have flowed still in the track pointed out by the sagacity of Alexander, but a wider scene, beyond THE ANCIENT WORLD, opens to the VIEW OF DISCOVERY. The use of the magnet is discovered; and Henry of Portugal prosecutes the plan of opening a passage along the coast of Africa to the East. One of his ships in its return from the expedition has been driven from Cape Bojador (the formidable boundary of the Portuguese research) by a storm at sea. The isle, afterwards called Porto Santo, is discovered. The circumstance related; but the extraordinary appearance of a supernatural shade over the waters at a distance excites many fears and superstitions. The attempt, however, *to penetrate the mystery*, is resolved on. Zarco reaches the island of Madeira; tomb found; which introduces the Episode. At the tomb of the first discoverer (whether this be fanciful, or not, is nothing to poetry) the Spirit of Discovery casts her eyes over the globe; she pursues Da Gama to the East; history of Camoens touched on; Columbus; sees with triumph the discovery of *a new world*, and from thence extends her ideas till *the great globe is encompassed*; after which she returns to the “tranquil bosom of the Thames,” with Drake, the first circumnavigator, whose ship, after its various

perils, being laid up in the Thames, gives rise to some brief concluding reflections.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

HITHERTO we have described only the triumphs of Discovery; but it appears necessary that many incidental evils, particular and general, should be mentioned. Fate, and miserable end, of some great commanders,—of our gallant and benevolent countryman, Cook. After the natural feelings of regret, the mind is lead to contemplate the great advantages of his voyages: the health of seamen; the accessions to geographical knowledge; the spirit of humanity and science; his exploring the East part of New-Holland; and being the first to determine the proximity of America to Asia. This circumstance leads us back from the point whence we set out—THE ARK OF NOAH; and hence we are partly enabled to solve, what has been for so many ages unknown, the difficulty respecting the earth's being *peopled from one family*.

The Poem having thus gained a middle and end, the conclusion of the whole is, that as this uncertainty in the physical world has been by DISCOVERY cleared up, so all the apparent contradictions in the moral world

shall be reconciled. We have yet many existing evils to deplore; but when the SUPREME DISPOSER's plan shall have been completed, THEN THE EARTH, which has been explored and enlightened by discovery and knowledge, shall be destroyed; but the MIND OF MAN, rendered at last perfect, shall endure through all ages, and "JUSTIFY HIS WAYS FROM WHOM IT SPRUNG."

Such is the outline and plan of the following Poem. I have felt myself obliged to give this hasty Analysis, thinking that self-defence almost required it, lest a *careless* reader might charge me with *carelessness of arrangement*.

I must again beg it to be remembered, that History and Poetry are *two* things; and that the Poet has a right to build his system, not on what is exact truth, but on what is, at least, plausible; what will form, in the clearest manner, a WHOLE; and what is most susceptible of poetical ornament.

BOOK THE FIRST.



SPIRIT
OF
DISCOVERY BY SEA.

Introduction allusive to the Author's early Poems.

AWAKE A LOUDER AND A LOFTIER STRAIN!
Beloved Harp, whose tones have oft beguil'd
My solitary sorrows, when I left
The scene of happier hours, and wander'd far,
A pale and drooping stranger; I have sat
(While evening listen'd to the convent's bell)
On the wild margin of the Rhine, and woo'd
Thy sympathies, "a-weary of the world,"†
And I have found with thee sad fellowship,
Yet always sweet, whene'er my languid hand

† Shakespeare.

Subject proposed, View of the Ocean.

Pass'd carelessly o'er the responsive wires,
While unambitious of the laurell'd meed
That crowns the gifted bard, I only ask'd
Some stealing melodies the heart might love,
And a brief sonnet to beguile my tears!

But I had hope that one day I might wake
Thy strings to higher utterance; and now
Bidding adieu to glens, and woods, and streams,
And turning where, magnificent and vast,
Main Ocean bursts upon my sight, I strike,—
Rapt in the theme on which I long have mus'd,—
Strike the loud lyre, and as the blue waves rock,
Swell to their solemn roar the deep'ning chords.

Lift thy indignant billows high, proclaim
Thy terrors, Spirit of the hoary seas!
I sing thy dread dominion, amid wrecks,
And storms, and howling solitudes, to MAN
Submitted: awful shade of CAMOENS*
Bend from the clouds of Heav'n!

* See the beautiful Naval Poem of Camoens.

Address to the great naval Poet, Camoens.

By the bold tones*

Of minstrelsy, that o'er the unknown surge
(Where never daring sail before was spread)
Echo'd, and startled from his long repose
Th' indignant Phantom† of the stormy Cape;
O let me think now in the winds I hear
Thy animating tones, whilst I pursue
With ardent hopes, like thee, my vent'rous way,
And bid the seas resound my song! And THOU,
Father of Albion's streams, majestic Thames,
Amid the glitt'ring scene, whose long-drawn wave
Goes noiseless, yet with conscious pride, beneath
The thronging vessels' shadows, (nor through scenes
More fair, the yellow Tagus, or the Nile,
"That ancient river," winds.) THOU to the strain
Shall haply listen, that records the MIGHT
Of OCEAN, like a Giant at thy feet
Vanquish'd, and yielding to thy gentler state
The ancient sceptre of his dread domain!

* I hope this idea may be allowed, though Camoens did not sail
with Da Gama, and it is not historically true.

† See his description of the dreadful Phantom at the Cape of Good Hope.

Ark resting after the Flood.

ALL WAS ONE WASTE OF WAVES, that bury'd deep
Earth and its multitudes: the ARK alone,
High on the cloudy van of Ararat,
Rested; for now the death-commission'd storm
Sinks silent, and the eye of day looks out
Dim through the haze, while short successive gleams
Flit o'er the face of deluge as it shrinks,
Or the transparent rain-drops, falling few,
Distinct and larger glisten. So the Ark
Rests upon Ararat; but nought around
Its inmates can behold, save o'er th' expanse
Of boundless waters, the Sun's orient orb
Stretching the hull's long shadow, or the Moon
In silence, through the silver-cinctur'd clouds,
Sailing, as she herself were lost, and left
IN NATURE'S LONELINESS!

But oh, sweet Hope,
Thou bidst a tear of holy extacy
Start to their eye-lids, when at night the Dove,
Weary, returns, and lo! an olive leaf
Wet in her bill: again she is put forth,
When the sev'nth morn shines on the hoar abyss:—

Reflections on the State of the World immediately after the Flood.

Due ev'ning comes: HER WINGS ARE HEARD NO MORE!
The dawn awakes, not cold and dripping sad,
But cheer'd with lovelier sunshine; far away
The dark-red mountains slow their naked peaks
Upheave above the waste: IMAUS* gleams:
Fume the huge torrents on his desert sides:
Till at the awful voice of HIM WHO RULES
THE STORM, the ancient Father and his train
On the dry land descend.

Here let us pause.—

No noise in the vast circuit of the globe
Is heard; no sound of human stirring; none
Of pasturing herds, or wandering flocks; nor song
Of birds that solace the forsaken woods
From morn till eve; save in that spot that holds
The sacred Ark: There the glad sounds ascend,
And Nature listens to the breath of LIFE.
The fleet horse bounds, high-neighing to the wind
That lifts his streaming mane; the heifer lows;

* Part of the mountainous range of the vast Indian Caucasus
where the Ark rested.

Contrasted with the State of the World at present.

Loud sings the lark amid the rain-bow hues;
The lion lifts him muttering: MAN comes forth—
He kneels upon the earth—he kisses it;
And to the GOD who stretch'd the radiant bow,
He lifts his trembling transports:

From one spot
Alone of earth such sounds ascend: How chang'd
The human prospect! when from realm to realm,
From shore to shore, from isle to farthest isle
Flung to the stormy main, man's murmuring race,
Various and countless as the shells that strew
The ocean's winding marge, are spread; from shores
Sinensian,* where the passing proas gleam
Innum'rous mid the floating villages;†
To Acapulco west, where laden deep
With gold and gems rolls the superb galleon
Shadowing the hoar Pacific: from the North,
Where on some snowy promontory's height
The Lapland wizard beats his drum, and calls

* China.

† Owing to the great population of China, many live almost constantly in boats, which form a sort of village on the water.

Reflection continued, particularly relating to Ships.

The spirits of the winds, to th' utmost South,
Where savage Fuego* shoots its cold white peaks,
Dreariest of lands, and the poor Pecherais§
Shiver and moan along its waste of snows.
So stirs the Earth; and for the Ark that pass'd
Alone and darkling o'er the dread abyss,
Ten thousand and ten thousand barks are seen
Fervent and glancing on the friths and sounds;
From the Bermudian† that, with masts inclin'd,
Shoots like a dart along, to the tall ship
That, like a stately swan, in conscious pride
Breasts beautiful the rising surge, and throws
The gather'd waters back, and seems to move
A living thing, along her lucid way
Streaming in lovely glory to the sun!
Some waft the treasures of the East; some bear
Their country's dark artillery o'er the surge
Frowning;—some in the Southern solitudes,

* The farthest inhabited land to the South of the American Continent;
perhaps the most horrid spot in the globe.

§ See Bougainville's Voyage.

† The swiftest of all vessels, built at Bermudas; the masts are short,
and inclining towards the stern.

Return to the situation of those preserved in the Ark.

Bound on discovery of new regions, spread,
Mid rocks of driving ice, that crash around,
Their weather-beaten mainsail; or explore
Their perilous way from isle to isle, and wind
The tender social tie; connecting man,
Wherever scatter'd, with his fellow-man.

How many ages roll'd away ere thus,
From NATURE'S GENERAL WRECK the world's great scene
Was tenanted! See from their sad abode,
At Heaven's dread voice, heard from the solitude,
As in beginning of created things,
The sad survivors of a bury'd world
Come forth; on them, though desolate their seat,
The day looks down as sweet, as lo the sun,
That to the West slopes his untir'd career,
Hangs o'er the water's brim. The aged Sire,
Now rising from his evening sacrifice,
Amid his offspring stands, and lifts his eyes,
Moist with a tear, to the bright bow: The fire
Yet on the altar burns, whose trailing fume
Goes slowly up, and marks the lucid cope
Of the soft sky, where distant clouds hang still

Description of a placid Evening succeeding the general Wreck.

And beautiful. So placid Evening steals
After the lurid storm, like a sweet form
Of fairie following a perturbed shape
Of giant terror, that in darkness strode.
Slow sinks the lord of day; the clust'ring clouds
More ardent burn; confusion of rich hues'
Crimson, and gold, and purple, bright inlay
Their varied edges; till before the eye,
As their last lustre fades, small silver stars
Succeed; and twinkling each in its own sphere,
Thick as the frost's unnumber'd spangles, strew
The slowly-paling heav'ns. Tir'd Nature seems
(Like one, who struggling long for life, had beat
The billows, and scarce gain'd a desert crag)
O'er-spent to sink to rest: the tranquil airs
Whisper repose. Now sunk in sleep reclines
The Father of the world; then the sole moon
Mounts high in shadowy beauty; every cloud
Retires, as in the blue space she moves on
Amid the fulgent orbs supreme, and looks
The queen of heav'n and earth. Stilly the streams
Retiring sound; midnight's high hollow vault
Faint echoes; stilly sound the distant streams.

Phantom addresses Noah in his sleep.

When hark, a strange and mingled wail, and cries
As of ten thousand thousand perishing!
A Phantom, mid the shadows of the dead,
Before the holy Patriarch, as he slept,
Stood terrible:—Dark as a storm it stood
Of thunder and of winds, like hollow seas
Remote, meantime a voice was heard:—" Behold!
" NOAH, the foe of thy weak race; my name
" DESTRUCTION, whom thy sons in yonder plains
" Shall worship, and all grim, with mooned horns
" Paint fabling:* When the flood from off the earth
" Before it swept the living multitudes,
" I rode amid the hurricane; I heard
" The UNIVERSAL SHRIEK of all that liv'd.
" In vain they climb'd the rocky heights:—I struck
" The adamantine mountains, and like dust
" They crumbl'd in the billowy foam. My hall,
" Deep in the centre of the seas, receiv'd
" The victims as they sunk! Then, with dark joy
" I sat amid ten thousand carcasses,

* See account of Haiagraiva, the Eastern god of Destruction, in Maurice's
Indian Antiquities.

Dream of Noah.

“ That welter’d at my feet! But THOU and THINE
“ Have brav’d my utmost fury: What remains
“ But VENGEANCE, Vengeance on thy hated race;—
“ And be that sheltering shrine the instrument!
“ Thence, taught to brave the wild sea when it roars,
“ In after-times to lands remote, where roam’d
“ The naked man and his poor progeny,
“ They, more instructed in the fatal use
“ Of arts and arms, shall ply their way; and THOU
“ Wouldst bid the great deep cover thee to see
“ The sorrows of thy miserable sons:
“ But turn, and view in part the truths I speak.”

He said, and vanish’d with a dismal sound
Of lamentation from his grisly troop.
Then saw the just man in his dream what seem’d
A new and savage land: Huge forests stretch’d
Their world of wood, shading like night the banks
Of torrent-foaming rivers, many a league
Wand’ring and lost in solitudes; green isles
Here shone, and scatter’d huts beneath the shade
Of branching palms were seen; whilst in the sun
A naked infant playing, stretch’d his hand

Shadow of the Discovery of America,

To reach a speckled snake, that through the leaves
Oft darted, or its shining volumes roll'd
Amusive. From the woods a sable man
Came, as from hunting; in his arms he took
The smiling child, that with the feathers play'd
Which nodded on his brow the sheltering hut
Receiv'd them, and the cheerful smoke went up
Above the silent woods. Anon was heard
The sound as of strange thunder, from the mouths
Of hollow engines, as, with white sails spread,
Tall vessels, hull'd like the great Ark, approach'd
The verdant shores:—They, in a woody cove
Safe-station'd, hang their pennants motionless
Beneath the palms. Meantime, with shouts and song,
A wan and whisker'd race, in garb succinct,
Go forth—the boat rows hurrying to the land;
Before their fiery tubes the natives fall,
Happy erewhile nor dreaming ill; nor long
Ere the great sea for many a league is ting'd,
While corpse on corpse, down the red torrent roll'd,
Floats, and the inmost forests murmur “Blood.”

and the Slave Trade.

Now vast savannahs meet the view, where high
Above the arid grass the serpent lifts
His tawny crest:—Not far a vessel rides
Upon the sunny main, and to the shore
Black savage tribes a mournful captive urge,
Who looks at Heav'n with anguish. Him they cast
Bound in the putrid hold of the prison-ship,
With many a sad associate in despair,
Each panting chain'd to his allotted space;
And moaning, whilst their wasted eye-balls roll.

Another scene appears: the naked slave
Writhes to the bloody lash; but more to view
Nature forbad, for starting from his dream
The just Man woke. Shuddering he gaz'd around;
He saw the earliest beam of morning shine
Placid on the hills without; he heard the breath
Of placid kine, but troubl'd thoughts and sad
Arose. He wandered forth; and now far on,
By heavy musings led, reach'd a ravine
Most wild amid the tempest-riven rocks,
Through whose dark pass he saw the flood remote
Grey-spreading, while the mists of morn went up.

Angel appears to Noah—takes him up to the top of the great Caucasus.

He paus'd; when on his lonely path-way flash'd
A light, and sounds as of approaching wings
Instant were heard. A radiant form appear'd
Cœlestial, and with heavenly accent said:—
“NOAH, I come commission'd from above,
“Where Angels move before the eternal throne
“Of Heav'n's great King in glory, to dispel
“The mists of darkness from thy sight; for know,
“Not unpermitted of the Eternal One
“The shadows of thy melancholy dream
“Hung o'er thee slumbering: Mine the task to shew
“Futurity's faint scene;—now follow me.”

He said; and up to the unclouded height
Of that great Eastern mountain,* that surveys
Dim Asia, they ascended. Then his brow
The Angel touch'd, and clear'd with whisper'd charm
The mortal mist before his eyes:—At once
(As in the skiey mirage, when the seer
From lonely Kilda's western summit sees
A wondrous scene in shadowy vision rise)

* The Indian Caucasus.

View of the World.

The NETHER WORLD, with seas and shores, appear'd
Submitted to his view: but not as then
A melancholy waste, deform and sad,
But fair as now the green earth spreads, with woods,
Champain, and hills, and many-winding streams
Rob'd, the magnificent illusion rose.
He saw in mazy longitude devolv'd
The mighty Brahma-Pooter; to the East
Tibet and China, and the shining sea
That sweeps the inlets of Japan, and winds
Amid the Curile and Aleutian isles,
Pale to the North, Siberia's snowy scenes
Are spread; Jenisca and the freezing Ob
Appear, and many a forest's shady track
Far as the Baltick, and the utmost bounds
Of Scandinavia; thence the eye returns;
And lo! great Lebanon: abrupt and dark
With pines, and airy Carmel, rising slow
Above the midland main, where hang the capes
Of Italy and Greece; swart Africa,
Beneath the parching sun, her long domain
Reveals, the mountains of the Moon, the source
Of Nile, the wild mysterious Niger, lost

Angel describes the situation of fallen Man.

Amid the torrid sands; and to the South
Her stormy cape. Beyond the misty main
The weary eye scarce wanders, when behold
Plata, through vaster territory pour'd;
And Andes, sweeping the horizon's tract!
Mightiest of Mountains! whose eternal snows
Feel not the nearer sun; whose umbrage chills
The murmuring ocean; whose volcano-fires
A thousand nations view, hung like the moon
High in the middle waste of Heav'n; thy range,
Shading far off the Southern hemisphere,
Then like a dusky line appear'd.

So spread
Before our great Forefather's view the globe
Appear'd; with seas, and shady continents,
And verdant isles, and mountains lifting dark
Their forests, and indenting rivers, pour'd
In silvery maze. And "lo!" the Angel said,
"The scenes, O NOAH, thy posterity
"Shall people; but remote and scatter'd wide,
"They shall forget their God, and see no trace,
"Save dimly, of their Great Original.

His Superstition and Crimes.

Rude caves shall be their dwelling : till with noise
Of multitudes, imperial cities rise.
But the Arch Fiend, the foe of GOD and man,
Shall fling his spells ; and, mid illusions drear,
Blar Superstition shall arise, the earth
Eclipsing :—Deep in caves, vault within vault
Far winding ; or in night of thickest woods,
Where no bird sings ; or mid huge circles grey
Of uncouth stone, her aspect wild, and pale
As the terrific flame that near her burns,
She her mysterious rites, mid hymns and cries,
Shall wake, and to her shapeless idols, vast
And smear'd with blood, or shrines of lust, shall lead
Her vot'ries, maddening as she waves her torch
With visage more expanded to the groans
Of human sacrifice.

“ Nor think that love
And happiness shall dwell in vales remote :
The naked man shall see the glorious sun,
And think it but enlightens his poor isle,
Hid in the watery waste ; cold on his limbs
The ocean-spray shall beat ; his Deities

Improved Condition of Man,

“ Shall be the stars, the thunder, and the winds:
“ And if a stranger on his rugged shores
“ Be cast, his offer’d blood pollutes the strand.”

‘ O wretched man! who then shall raise thee up
‘ From this thy dark estate, forlorn and lost?’
The Patriarch said:

The Angel answer’d mild,
“ His God, who destin’d him to noblest ends!
“ But mutual intercourse shall stir at first
“ The sunk and groveling spirit, and from sleep
“ The sullen energies of man rouse up,
“ As of a slumb’ring giant. He shall walk
“ Sublime amid the works of God: The earth
“ Shall own his wide dominion: the great sea
“ Shall toss in vain its roaring waves; his eye
“ Shall scan the bright orbs as they roll above
“ Glorious, and his expanding heart shall burn,
“ As wide and wider in magnificence
“ The vast scene opens; in the winds and clouds,
“ The seas, and circling planets, he shall see
“ The shadow of a dread ALMIGHTY move.

as reclaimed and redeemed by a *Saviour*.

“ Then shall the Day-spring rise, before whose beam
“ The darkness of the world is past:—For, hark!
“ Seraphs and Angel-choirs with symphonies
“ Acclaiming of ten thousand golden harps,
“ Amid the bursting clouds of heav’n reveal’d,
“ At once in glory jubilant—they sing
“ GOD THE REDEEMER LIVETH! HE WHO TOOK
“ MAN’S NATURE ON HIM, AND IN HUMAN SHROUD
“ VEIL’D HIS IMMORTAL GLORY! HE IS RIS’N—
“ GOD THE REDEEMER LIVETH! AND BEHOLD
“ THE GATES OF LIFE AND IMMORTALITY
“ OPEN’D TO ALL THAT BREATHE!”

“ O might the strains
“ But win the world to love; meek Charity
“ Should lift her looks and smile; and with faint voice
“ The weary pilgrim of the earth exclaim,
“ As close his eye-lids, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?
“ O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?

“ And ye,
“ Whom ocean’s melancholy wastes divide,
“ Who slumber to the sullen surge, AWAKE,

Savage Tribes enlightened

“BREAK FORTH INTO THANKSGIVING, for the bark
“That roll’d upon the desert deep, shall bear
“The tidings of great joy to all that live,
“TIDINGS OF LIFE AND LIGHT.”

‘O were those men,’
(The Patriarch rais’d his drooping looks, and said)
‘Such in my dream I saw, who to the isles
‘And peaceful sylvan scenes o’er the wide seas
‘Came tilting; then their murderous instruments
‘Lifted, that flash’d to the indignant sun,
‘Whilst the poor native died:—O were those Men
‘Instructed in the laws of holier love,
‘Thou hast display’d?’

The Angel meek reply’d,
“Call rather FIENDS OF HELL those who abuse
“The mercies they receive: that such, indeed,
“On whom the light of clearer knowledge beams,
“Should wander forth, and for the tender voice
“Of charity, should scatter crimes and woe,
“And drench, where’er they pass, the earth with blood,
“Might make e’en Angels weep!
“But the poor tribes

by Means of Intercourse by Sea.

“ That groan’d and died, deem not them innocent
“ As injur’d; more ensanguin’d rites and deeds*
“ Of deepest stain were theirs; and what if God,
“ So to approve his justice, and exact
“ Most even retribution, blood for blood,
“ Bid forth the Angel of the storm of death!

“ Thou saw’st, indeed, the seeming innocence
“ Of Man the savage; but thou saw’st not ALL.
“ Behold the scene more near! Hear the shrill hoop
“ Of murderous war! See tribes on neighbour tribes
“ Rush howling, their red hatchets weilding high,
“ And shouting to their barb’rous Gods! Behold
“ The captive bound, yet vaunting direst hate,
“ And mocking his tormentors, while they gash
“ His flesh unshrinking, tear his eyeballs, burn
“ His beating breast! Hear the dark temples ring
“ To groans and hymns of murderous sacrifice;
“ While the stern priest, the rites of horror done,
“ With hollow-echoing chaunt lifts up the heart

* The bloody rites of the Mexicans, their cruelties to their prisoners, their butchering sacrifices, seemed to call down the vengeance of Heaven.

Love and Benevolence extended.

“ Of the last victim mid the yelling throng,
“ Quivering, and red, and reeking to the sun!*

“ Reclaim’d by gradual intercourse, his heart
“ Warm’d with new sympathies, the forest-chief
“ Shall cast the bleeding hatchet to his Gods
“ Of darkness, and one LORD OF ALL adore—
“ MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.”

“ Let it suffice,
“ HE hath permitted EVIL for awhile
“ To mingle its deep hues and sable shades
“ Amid life’s fair perspective, as thou saw’st
“ Of late the black’ning clouds; but in the end
“ All these shall roll away, and evening still
“ Come smilingly, while the great sun looks down
“ On the illumin’d scene. So Charity
“ Shall smile on all the earth, and Nature’s GOD
“ Look down upon his works; and while far off
“ The shrieking night-fiends fly, one voice shall rise
“ From shore to shore, from isle to farthest isle,

* Such were the horrid customs and rites of the native Americans.

‘ GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE,
‘ PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

“ THOU rest in hope,
‘ And Him with meekness and with trust adore!”

He said, and spreading bright his ampler wing,
Flew to the heav’n of heav’ns; the meek man bow’d
Adoring, and, with pensive thoughts resign’d,
Bent from the aching height his lonely way.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



NOTES

TO

THE FIRST BOOK.



NOTES
TO
THE FIRST BOOK.

P. 3. L. 5.

The giant Phantom of the stormy Cape.

CAMOENS' description of the spectre that appeared to De Game off the Cape of Good-Hope, is very poetical and sublime; perhaps, however, it would have been more sublime, if the painting of the image had been somewhat less distinct. It was necessary to give a peculiar African appearance and character, but the minuteness with which it is described, takes off the real grandeur; I allude to the "blue rows of teeth." For the sake of those who may not have read Camoens, or seen the elegant and masterly translation, the description from Mickle is added:—

“ Now prosp’rous gales the bending canvas swell’d;
“ From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
“ Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
“ Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
“ When o’er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
“ And slowly floating o’er the mast’s tall head
“ A black cloud hover’d: nor appear’d from far
“ The moon’s pale glimpse, nor faintly-twinkling star;
“ So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
“ Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.
“ Meanwhile a hollow-bursting roar resounds,
“ As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
“ Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heav’n
“ The wonted signs of gathering tempest giv’n.
“ Amaz’d we stood—O Thou, our fortune’s guide,
“ Avert this omen, mighty God, I cry’d;
“ Or through forbidden crimes advent’rous stray’d,
“ Have we the secrets of the deep survey’d,
“ Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
“ Were doom’d to hide from man’s unhallow’d eye?
“ Whate’er this prodigy, it threatens more
“ Than midnight tempests and the mingl’d roar,
“ When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore. }

“ I spoke, when rising through the darken’d air,
“ Appall’d we saw an hideous Phantom glare;
“ High and enormous o’er the flood he tower’d,
“ And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour’d:
“ An earthy paleness o’er his cheeks was spread,
“ Ereft uprose his hairs of wither’d red;
“ Writhing to speak his sable lips disclose,
“ Sharp and disjoin’d, his gnashing teeth’s blue rows;
“ His haggard beard flow’d quiv’ring on the wind,
“ Revenge and horror in his mien combin’d;
“ His clouded front, by with’ring lightnings scar’d,
“ The inward anguish of his soul declar’d.
“ His eyes red glowing from their dusky caves
“ Shot livid fires: Far echoing o’er the waves
“ His voice resounded, as the cavern’d shore
“ With hollow groan repeats the tempest’s roar.
“ Cold gliding horrors thrill’d each hero’s breast,
“ Our bristling hair and tottering knees confest
“ Wild dread, the while with savage ghastly wan,
“ His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.”

P. 4. L. 9.

On Ararat reclines, &c.

See, on this subject, Mr. Clarke's able introduction to his comprehensive and most valuable History of Navigation. From that work I beg to transcribe the interesting passage relating to the spot where the Ark rested.

“To ascertain the particular part of Asia where this memorable event of the resting the Ark took place, is of the utmost importance, &c. On this subject I have ventured to differ from general and received opinions, and have preferred the opinion of Ben Gorion and Sir Walter Raleigh, who place Ararat at the sources of the river Indus. This opinion is certainly worthy of more attention than it has received, and is approved by the learned Patrick in his commentary. The great Sir Walter Raleigh gives a variety of cogent reasons for believing that the long ridge of mountains which runs through Armenia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Media, and Susiana; that is from Cilicia to Paraponisus, was called by Moses *Ararat*, and by Pliny *Taurus*.”

The words of Raleigh are, "We must understand that Ararat, named by Moses, is not one hill so called: All that long ledge of mountains, which Pliny calleth by one name, Taurus; and Ptolomie both Taurus, Niphates, Coatras, &c. until they cross the mountains of the great IMAUS; are of one name, and are called the mountains of Ararat, or Armenia; because from thence, or thereabouts, they seem to arise. So all these mountains of Hyrcania, Armenia, Caspia, Scythia, &c. thus diversely called by Pliny and others, Ptolomy calls by one name—Caucasus, lying between the seas Caspian and Euxinus; and as these mountains of Ararat run East and West, so do the marvailous mountains of Imaus stretch themselves North and South, &c. All the mountains of Asia, both the less and the greater, have three general names—Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus; drawing near their ways' end they first make themselves the South border of Bactria, and are then honoured with the title of Paraponisus, and lastly of Caucasia, even where *the famous river of Indus*, with his principal companions, Hydaspes and Zarædus, spring forth. And here do these mountains build themselves exceeding high, to equal the strong hills, called Imaus, of Scythia."

The reader is referred to Mr. Clarke and Sir Walter Raleigh for the cogent arguments upon this subject; I must, however, quote Major Reynell's words:—"The highest contiguous ridge of this part appears to be that which passes by the South-East of the Caspian sea and Hyrcania; between Asia on the North, and Drangiana on the South; and from thence between Bactriana and the Indian provinces; where, as it approaches *Imaus*, which, as has been said, forms a part of a yet more elevated region, it swells to a great bulk and height. All this is properly the Indian Caucasus of the Greeks, in modern language Hindoo Rho."—Geo. of Herodotus.

Quoted from Mr. Clarke.

P. 5. L. 5.

. . . . *Imaus gleams.*

The testimony of Captain Wilford on this subject, from the Asiatic researches, is too singular to be omitted:

"The appellation, (Caucasus) at least in its present state, is not Sanscrit; and as it is not of Grecian origin, it is probable the Greeks received it through their intercourse with the Persians. In this supposition the real name of this famous mountain should be Casus, or

Cas; for *Cau* or *Con* in Persian signifies a mountain. The true Sanscrit name is C'hagigi, or the mountain of the Chasas, a most ancient and powerful tribe, who inhabited this mountain, &c. This denomination is now confined to a few spots, &c. The immense range is constantly called in Sanscrit *Himachel*, or snowy mountain, and *Himalaga*, the abode of snow; from HIMA, the Greeks made IMAUS, &c.

“ The natives look upon Bameyan, and the adjacent countries, as the place of abode of the progenitors of mankind, both before and after the flood, &c. By Bami-gan and the adjacent countries they understand all the country from Sistan to Samarchand, reaching towards the East as far as the Ganges. This tradition is of great antiquity; for it is countenanced by Persian authors, and the sacred books of the Hindus, &c. The summit of the C'haisa-ghar is always covered with snow; in the midst of which are seen several streaks of reddish hue, supposed by pilgrims to be the mark or impression made by the feet of the Dove, which Noah let out of the Ark. For it is the general and uniform tradition of the country, that Noah built the Ark upon the summit of this mountain, and there embarked: that when

the flood assuaged, the summit of it appeared first above the waters, and was the resting-place of the Dove. The Ark itself rested about half way up the mountain, on a projecting plain of a very small extent; and there a place of worship was erected.”—*Clarke’s Introduction to Navigation*, page 23.

I add a passage from St. Jerom:—“By the mountains of Ararat, on which the Ark rested, we are not to understand the mountains of Armenia, but the *highest* mountains of *Taurus*, &c.” The same opinion may be found in Varenus, &c. Bishop Cumberland has these words:—“Before I leave this country, I must call to mind what Dionysius Halicar. tells us, that Atlas was their first king, and that he came from the mount Caucasus, which we know to be in the Northern parts of Asia, and to belong to that vast ridge of mountains among which the rest of the Ark was.”—*Cumberland on Sanchoniatho*.

P. 7. L. 3

. . . . *Pecherais*.

“During our absence, some of the natives, in four small canoes, had visited the ship. They were de-

scribed as wretched and poor, but inoffensive; contrary to the custom of all the natives in the South Sea, they were silent on their approach to the ship, and when alongside hardly pronounced any other word than "PASSERAY." Those whom M. de Bougainville saw in the straits of MAGELHAINS, not far from hence, used the same word, from whence he gave them the general name of "PECHERAIS." The children were perfectly naked, and, like their mothers, huddled about the fire in each canoe, shivering with cold, and rarely uttering any other word than PASSERAY, which sometimes sounded like a word of endearment, and sometimes seemed to be an expression of complaint.

"It is very probable that they are the miserable outcasts of some neighbouring tribe, which enjoys a more comfortable life; and that being reduced to live in this dreary inhospitable part of TERRA DEL FUEGO, they have gradually lost every idea but those which their most urgent wants give rise to. They ramble, perhaps, in quest of food, from one inlet or bay to another, and take up their winter residence in the most uncomfortable spot in this horrid country."—*Forster's Voyage with Cook, in the years 1772, 3, 4, 5.*

P. 12. L. 21.

While corse on corse down the red torrent roll'd.

“Neither did the other islands fare better: The Lusaiaæ they brought to an utter desolation; and shipping multitudes of men for the mines in Hispaniola, wanting food for them, the third part commonly perished by the way; so that an unskilful pilot might have learned his way by sea by those floating marks of Indian carcases. This Spanish pestilence spread further to the Continent, where they spoiled the shores and the inland countries of people. From Dariena to Nicaragua they slew *four hundred thousand* people with dogs, sword, fire, and divers tortures.”—*Purchas, from Barth. Casas, an eye-witness.*

Who can read the horrid account of the cruelties of the Spaniards in America without exclaiming with the moral and pathetic Cowper:

“Then what is Man? And what man, seeing this,
“And having human feelings, does not blush,
“And hang his head, to think himself a MAN!”

P. 12. L. 17.

Before their fiery tubes, &c.

Let it be remembered, however, to the honour of Columbus, that his conduct was unstained by cruelties; it was the crimes of his successors that made America, after its discovery, a scene of horror and carnage.

P. 14. L. 19.

. . . . *St. Kilda.*

Alluding to the second sight in the highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. The reader will remember Thomson's fine description in the *Castle of Indolence* :

“ As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
“ Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(“ Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
“ Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
“ To stand, embody'd, to our senses plain)
“ Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
“ The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
“ A vast assembly moving to and fro:
“ Then all at once in air dissolves the wond'rous shew.”

“The West of St. Kilda is six hundred fathom above the surface of the sea.”—*Description of St. Kilda.*

P. 14. L. 14.

. . . . *Great Eastern mountain.*

“That tremendous Caff, (according to the Indian superstition) inhabited by spirits, dæmons, and the griffin Simorg.”

P. 14. L. 24.

. . . . *The wild mysterious Niger.*

How singular does it appear, that the real course of the Niger should have been unknown for so many centuries. After an obscurity of ages, this celebrated river is descried flowing, as Mr. Parke expresses, “with a majestic course from the West to the East.” Mr. Parke’s description of this “*long-lost*” river, when he first came in sight of it, is very striking:

“Looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and, having

drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success."

The account of Herodotus is thus at last confirmed, and for this, as well as many other interesting geographical discoveries, we are indebted to that learned, liberal, and truly-valuable society, the African Society. I need not mention the recent discovery of the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the Oasis of Sawah, by Horneman, under the auspices of that respectable and enlightened body.

I cannot help wishing that the toil, the danger, and the enterprise of travellers, who have done so much service to learning in general, should be remunerated, not by a private society, however liberal, but by the State.

P. 15. L. 23.

. . . . *The mountains of the moon.*

Mountains of Abyssinia, from whence the Nile was supposed to have taken its rise.

P. 15. L. 8.

. . . . *Brahma-Pooter.*

The most magnificent river of the East; unknown to the ancients.

P. 15. L. 11.

. . . . *Curile and Aleutian isles.*

Discovered by the Russians, in the Northern Archipelago, between America and Asia.—See *Cox's Russian Discoveries.*

P. 15. L. 23.

. . . . *The source of Nile.*

“Et gens si qua *latet*, nascenti conscia Nilo.”

LUCAN.

See Lobo and Bruce.—It appears, however, from Brown that the true source of the Nile was not visited by them.

What a poetical use has Theocritus made of the idea of the undiscovered source of the Nile! Nothing can illustrate more forcibly the circumstance of obscurity being a cause of the sublime. Idyll. vii.

See Lobo and Bruce, who were near the source of the Nile, but did not visit it.

P. 16. L. 4.

Plata, through vaster territory pour'd.

Rio de la Plata rises in the heart of South-America; and, after receiving many streams in its immense course, rushes with such violence into the ocean, that it renders the waters fresh for many leagues.

GUTHRIE.

P. 16. L. 5.

. . . *Andes.*

The Andes, or Cordelieras, the highest range of mountains on the globe; they have several volcanos, and divide the whole southern parts of America, running parallel with the Pacific Ocean nearly four thousand three hundred miles.

P. 17. L. 6.

Deep in caves, vault within vault.

Caverns, labyrinths, dark and mysterious groves, were the dreadful sanctuaries of early superstition in the first ages of the world, particularly in the East and in Egypt. Such were the stupendous caverns of Elephonta and Salsette. GROVES sacred to religion and science were famous all over the East. Abraham is

said to have planted a *grove* in Beersheba, and to have called there upon the name of the LORD: but his degenerate posterity afterwards prostituted the hallowed grove to purposes of the basest devotion. They were upbraided by the prophets with burning incense, and offering oblations under every oak and green tree, to the gods of the Phœnicians; it was against the *groves*, polluted by such sacrifices, that the most awful anathemas of offended Heaven were denounced.—*Maurice's Indian Antiquities.*

P. 21. L. 7.

Thou saw'st, indeed, &c.

See the account of tortures inflicted on their captives by the Americans.

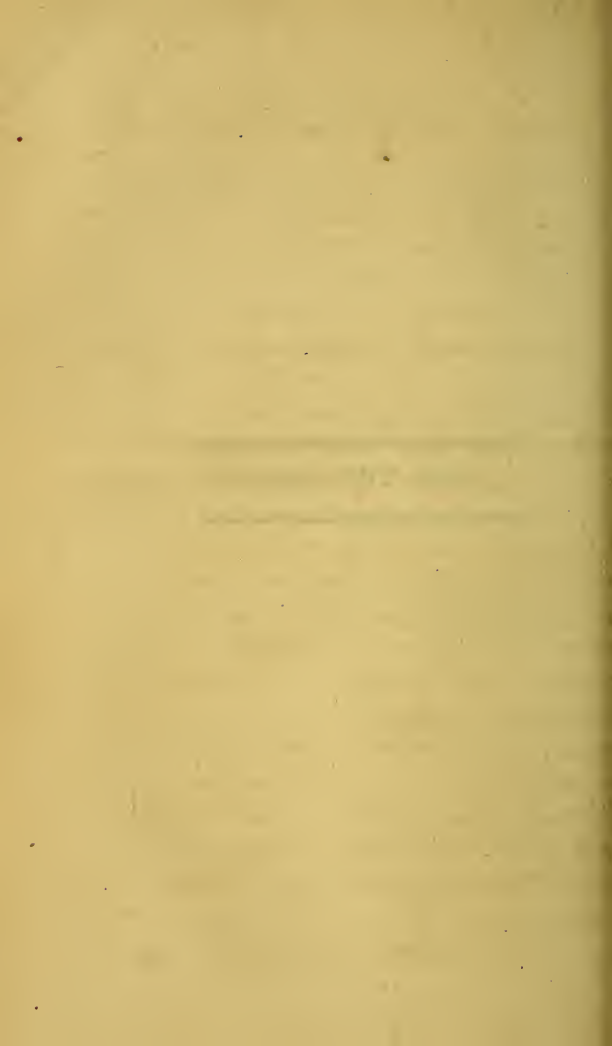
P. 22. L. 2.

Quivering, and red, and reeking to the sun.

Much as the heart revolts at the accounts of Spanish cruelties in America, we ought to remember at the same time the bloody character of the Peruvians and Mexicans. The captives taken in war, in every tribe, were murdered and devoured. "Who that views Mexico, steeped in her own blood, can restrain

the emotion which whispers to him—The punishment she suffered *was the hand of heaven*.—By the number of these sacred butcheries, one would think that cruelty was the greatest amusement of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzuliputzli, A. D. 1486, sixty-four thousand and eighty human victims were sacrificed in four days. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings, which reached from tree to tree around their temples; and sometimes were built up in temples, and cemented with lime. In some of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted one hundred and thirty-six thousand skulls. During the war with Cortez they increased their usual sacrifices, till priest and people were tired of their bloody religion. The method of sacrificing was thus: Six priests laid the victim on the altar, which was narrow at top, when five bending him across, the sixth cut up his stomach with a sharp flint; and while he held up his heart reeking to the sun, the others tumbled the carcase down a flight of steps, near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acosta, Gomara, &c.—*From Mickle's Introduction to the Lusiad*, p. 7.

BOOK THE SECOND.



SPIRIT
OF
DISCOVERY BY SEA.

Reflections suggested by the foregoing Book.

OH for a view, as from that cloudless height
Where the great Patriarch gaz'd upon the world,
His offspring's *future seat*, BACK on the vale
Of years departed! We might then behold
THEBES, from her sleep of ages, awful rise,
Like an imperial shadow, from the Nile,
To airy harpings;* and with lifted torch
Scatter the darkness through the labyrinths
Of death, where rest her kings, without a name,
And light the winding caves and pyramids
In the long night of years! We might behold

* Allusive to the harps found in the caverns of Thebes.

General Idea of the Obscurity of early History.

Edom,* in towery strength, majestic rise,
And awe the Erithrean, to the plains
Where Migdol frown'd, and Baal-zephon stood,†
Before whose naval shrine the Memphian host
And Pharaoh's pomp were shatter'd!—As her fleets
From Ezion went seaward, to the sound
Of shouts and brazen trumpets, we might say,
“How glorious, Edom, in thy ships art thou,
“And mighty as the rushing winds!”

But night

Is on the mournful scene: a voice is heard,
As of the dead, from hollow sepulchres,
And echoing caverns of the Nile, “SO PASS
“THE SHADES OF MORTAL GLORY!” One pure ray
From Sinai bursts, (where God of old reveal'd
His glory, through the darkness terrible
That sat on the dread mount) and we descry
Thy sons, O Noah, peopling wide the scene,
From Shinaar's plain to Ægypt.

* Edom, whose navigators were Ammonians, had her port to the Western, prior to that on the Eastern branch of the Red Sea.

† The only certain history of the earliest state of man is the Mosaic.

The Cushites in the mountains of Abyssinia.

Let the song

Reveal, who first "WENT DOWN TO THE GREAT SEA
"IN SHIPS," and brav'd the stormy element.

THE SONS OF CUSH.*—Still fearful of the FLOOD,
THEY on the marble range and cloudy heights
Of that vast mountainous barrier, (that tow'rs
High o'er the Red Sea coast, and stretches on
With the sea-line of Afric's Southern bounds
To Sofala) delv'd in the granite mass
Their dark abode, spreading from rock to rock
Their subterranean cities, while they heard,
Secure, the rains of vext Orion rush.
Embolden'd they descend, and now their fanes
On Ægypt's champain darken, whilst the noise
Of caravans is heard, and pyramids
In the pale distance gleam: Imperial THEBES
Starts, like a giant, from the dust; as when
Some dread inchanter waves his wand, and tow'rs,
And palaces, far in the sandy wilds

* The Cuthites inhabited the granite rocks stretching along the Red Sea, bordering Ethiopia. Their caves are seen to this day.—See Bruce.

Ark worshipped in Ægypt.

Uprise! and still, her sphinxes, huge and high,
Her marble wrecks colossal, seem to speak
The work of some great ARM INVISIBLE,
Surpassing human strength; while toiling Time,
That sways his desolating scythe so vast,
And weary Havoc murmuring at his side,
Smite them in vain. Heard ye the mystic song
Resounding from her caverns as of yore?

“ SING TO OSIRIS, FOR HIS ARK
“ NO MORE IN NIGHT PROFOUND,
“ OF OCEAN, FATHOMLESS AND DARK,
“ TYPHON HAS SUNK! ALOUD THE SISTRUMS RING—
“ OSIRIS!—TO OUR GOD OSIRIS SING!—
“ AND LET THE MIDNIGHT SHORE OUR RITES OF
“ JOY RESOUND!”†

Thee,* GREAT RESTORER OF THE WORLD, the song
Darkly describ'd, and that mysterious shrine
That bore thee o'er the desolate abyss,
When the earth sunk with all its noise!

† When the Ægyptians found the Ark, their expression was, “ Let us rejoice, we have found the lost Osiris.”

* Osiris—Noah.

Voyage to Arabia and Ophir.

So taught,

The bord'ers of the Erithræan launch'd
 Their barks, and to the shores of Araby
 First their brief voyage stretch'd, and thence return'd
 With aromatic gums, or spicey wealth
 Of India. Prouder triumphs yet await,
 For lo! where Ophir's gold unbury'd shines
 New to the sun; but perilous the way,
 O'er Ariana's spectred wilderness,
 Where scarce the patient Camel- scarce endures
 The long long solitude and rocks and sands,
 Parch'd, faint, and sinking, in his mid-day tract.

But see! upon the shore, great Ammon* stands,
 "BE THE DEEP OPEN'D." At his voice the DEEP
 Is open'd; and the shading ships that ride
 With statelier masts and ampler hulls the seas,
 Have pass'd the Straights, and left the rocks and GATES
 OF DEATH.† Where Asia's cape the autumnal surge

* Ammon, according to Sir Isaac Newton, was the first that built large ships, and passed the Straights.

† The entrance into the Red Sea was called the Gate of Affliction, and the rocks the place of burial, alluding to the dangers of the navigation.—Eruce.

Sacrifice to Typhon.

Throws black'ning back, beneath a hollow cove,
Awhile the mariners their fearful course
Ponder, ere yet they tempt the further deep;
Then plung'd into the sullen main, they cast
The youthful victim,* to the dismal Gods
Devoted, whilst the smoke of sacrifice
Slowly ascends:

“ Hear, King of Ocean, hear,
“ Dark Phantom, whether in thy secret cave
“ Thou sittest, where the deeps are fathomless,
“ Nor hear'st the water's hum, though all above
“ Is uproar loud; or on the widest waste,
“ Far from all land, mov'st in the noon-tide sun,
“ With dread and lonely shadow; or on high
“ Dost ride upon the whirling spires, and fume
“ Of that enormous volume, that ascends
“ Black to the skies, and with the thunder's roar
“ Bursts, whilst the waves far on are still: O hear,
“ Dread Power, and save! lest hidden eddies whirl

* The Ægyptians sacrificed a beautiful youth, a stranger.—See Plutarch
de Iside et Osir.

Striking Effects of Monsoon.

“ The helpless vessels down,—down to the deeps
“ Of night, where thou, ☉ Father of the Storm,
“ Dost sleep; or thy VAST STATURE might appear
“ High o’er the flashing waves, and (as thy beard
“ Stream’d to the cloudy winds) pass o’er their tract,
“ And they ARE SEEN NO MORE; or monster-birds
“ Dark’ning, with pennons lank, the morn, might bear
“ The victims to some desert rock, and leave
“ Their scatter’d bones to whiten in the winds!”

The Ocean-Gods, with sacrifice appeas’d,
Propitious smile; the thunder’s roar is ceas’d;§
Smooth and in silence o’er the azure realm
The tall ships glide along, for the South-West
Chearly and steady blows, and the blue seas
Beneath the shadow sparkle; on they speed,
The long coast varies as they pass, from cove
To sheltering cove, the long coast winds away;
Till now embolden’d by the unvarying gale,
Still urging to the East, the sailors deem
Some God† inviting swell their willing sails,

§ The breaking up of the monsoon.

† Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,

Coast of Malabar and Ceylon.

Or Destiny's fleet dragons through the surge
Cut their mid-way, yok'd to the beaked prows
Unseen!

Night after night the heav'ns' still cope,
That glows with stars, they watch, till morning bears
Airs of sweet fragrance o'er the yellow tide;
Then Malabar her green declivities
Hangs beauteous, beaming to the eye afar
Like scenes of pictur'd bliss, the shadowy land
Of soft enchantment. Now Salmala's peak*
Shines high in air, and Ceylon's dark-green woods
Beneath are spread; while, as the strangers wind
Along the curving shores, sounds of delight
Are heard; and birds of richest plumage—red
And yellow, glance along the shades; or fly
With morning twitter, circling o'er the mast,
As singing welcome to the weary crew.
Here rest, till westering gales‡ again invite.
Then o'er the line of level seas glide on,

* The lofty rock of Ceylon, called the foot of Adam.

‡ Change of the Monsoon.

Solomon's Temple.—Reflection on Commerce.

(As the green deities of ocean guide)
Till Ophir's distant hills spring from the main,
And their long labours cease.

Hence Asia slow
Her length unwinds; and Siam and Ceylon
Through wider channels pour their gems and gold
To swell the pomp of Ægypt's kings, or deck
With new magnificence the rising dome*
Of Palestine's Imperial Lord.

His wants
To satisfy; "with comelier draperies,"
To cloathe his shivering form; to bid his arm
Burst, like the Patagonian's,§ the vain cords
That bound his untry'd strength; to nurse the flame
Of wider heart-ennobling sympathies,—
For this young Commerce rous'd the energies
Of man; else rolling back, stagnant and foul,
Like the GREAT ELEMENT on which his ships

* Temple of Solomon.

§ Alluding to the story of Patagonians bursting their cords when taken.

Enterprize on the coast of Syria.

Go forth, without the currents, winds, and tides
That swell it, as with awful life, and keep
From rank putrescence the long-moving mass:
And He, the sovereign Maker of the world,
So to excite man's high activities,
Bid various climes their various produce pour:
On Asia's plain mark where the cotton-tree
Hangs elegant its golden gems; the date
Sits purpling the soft lucid haze, that lights
The still, pale, sultry landscape; breathing sweet
Along old Ocean's billowy marge, the Eve
Bears spicy fragrance far; the bread-fruit shades
The Southern isles; and gems, and richest ore,
Lurk in the cavern'd mountains of the West.*
With ampler shade the Northern oak uplifts
His strength, itself a forest, and descends
Proud to the world of waves, to bear afar
The wealth collected, on the swelling tides,
To every land:—Where Nature seems to mourn
Her rugged outcast rocks, there Enterprize
Leaps up; he gazes, like a god, around:

* America.

Navigation carried from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean.

He sees on other plains rich harvests wave;
He marks far off the diamond blaze; he burns
To reach the glittering prize; he looks; he speaks;
The pines of Lebanon fall at his voice;
He rears the tow'ring mast; o'er the long main
He wanders, and becomes, himself though poor,
THE SOVEREIGN OF THE GLOBE.

So Sidon rose;
And Tyre, yet prouder o'er the subject waves,
(When in his manlier might the Ammonian spread*
Beyond Philistia to the Syrian sands)
Crown'd on her rocky citadel, beheld
The treasures of all lands pour'd at her feet.
Her daring prow the inland main disclos'd—
FREEDOM and GLORY, ELOQUENCE, and ARTS,
Follow their track, upspringing where they pass'd;
Till lo! another Thebes, an ATHENS springs,
From the Ægean shores, and airs are heard,
As of no mortal melody, from isles

* The Cuthites, spreading from Ægypt along the coast of Syria, formed the great Ammonian nation.

Ætna.

That strew the deep around! on to the STRAIGHTS
Where tow'r the brazen pillars† to the clouds,
Her vessels ride. But, ah! what shivering dread
Quell'd their bold hopes, when on their watch by night
The mariners first saw the distant flames
Of *Ætna*, and its red portentous glare
Streaking the midnight waste! 'Tis not thy lamp,
Astarte, hung in the dun vault of night,
To guide the wanderers of the main! Aghast
They eye the fiery cope, and wait the dawn.
Huge pitchy clouds upshoot, and bursting fires
Flash through the horrid volume as it mounts;
Voices are heard, and thunders muttering deep.
Haste—snatch the oars—fly o'er the glimm'ring surge—
Fly far—already louder thunders roll,
And more terrific flames arise. O spare,
Dread Power! for sure some Deity abides
Deep in the central earth, amidst the reek
Of sacrifice, and blue sulphureous fume
Involv'd. Perhaps the living Moloch* there

† Pillars of Hercules.

* Moloch, whose rites of blood are well known, worshipped along the coast of Syria.

Bay of Naples.—Dangers.

Rules in his horrid empire, amid flames,
Thunders, and black'ning volumes, that ascend
And wrap his burning throne!

So was the tract
To those who first the chearless ocean roam'd,
Darken'd with dread and peril. Scylla here,
And fell Charibdis, on their whirling gulph
Sit, like the sisters of despair, and howl,
As the devoted ship, dash'd on the crags,
Goes down: and oft the neighbour shores are strew'd
With bones of strangers sacrific'd, whose bark
Was founde'r'd nigh, where the red watch-tow'r glares
Through darkness. Hence mysterious dread, and tales
Of Polyphemus and his monstrous rout;
And warbling syrens on the fatal shores
Of soft Parthenope:—Yet oft the sound
Of sea-conchs through the night from some rude rock
Is heard, to warn the wand'ring passenger
Of fiends that lurk for blood!

† On the Southern coast of Spain, where were rich mines, supposed by some to be Tarshish.

Pass the Gibraltar Straights.

These dangers past
The sea puts on new beauties: Italy,
Beneath the blue soft sky beaming afar,
Opens her azure bays; Liguria's gulph
Is past; the Bætic rocks, and RAMPARTS HIGH,
That CLOSE THE WORLD, appear. The dashing bark
Bursts through the fearful frith: Ah! all is now
One boundless billowy waste; the huge-heav'd wave
Beneath the keel turns more intensely blue;
And vaster rolls the surge, that sweeps the shores
Of Cerne,† and the green Hesperides,
And long-renown'd Atlantis,‡ whether sunk
Now to the bottom of the "monstrous world;"
Or was it but a shadow of the mind,
Vapoury and baseless, like the distant clouds
That seem the promise of an unknown land
To the pale-ey'd and wasted mariner,
Cold on the rocking mast. The pilot plies

† Mr. Falconer's ingenious dissertation, and subsequent geographical enquiries, have, I think, clearly established the truth of the account of Hanno's voyage.—See *Periplus Hannonis*.

‡ The island described by Plato; by some supposed America.

State of Ancient Tyre.

Now, toss'd upon Bayona's mountain-surge,*
High to the North his way; when lo! the cliffs
Of Albion, o'er the sea-line rising calm
And white, and Marazion's woody mount
Lifting its dark romantic point between.

So did thy ships to Earth's wide bounds proceed,
O Tyre, and thou wert rich and beautiful
In that thy day of glory. Carthage rose,
Thy daughter and the rival of thy fame,
Upon the sands of Lybia; princes were
Thy merchants; on thy golden throne thy state
Shone, like the orient sun. Dark Lebanon
Wav'd all his pines for thee: for thee the oaks
Of Bashan tow'r'd in strength: thy gallies cut
Glittering the sunny surge; thy mariners,
On ivory benches, furl'd the broider'd sails,
That looms of Ægypt wove, or to the oars,
That measuring dipp'd, their choral sea-songs sung—
The multitude of isles did shout for thee,

* Bay of Biscay.

† Marazion, still called Market-Jew, St. Michael's Mount.

Her Fall,—Reflection.

And cast their emeralds at thy feet, and said,
“ *Queen of the Waters, who is like to thee?*”

So wert thou glorious on the seas, and said'st,
“ *I am a God, and there is none like me.*”
But the dread voice prophetic is gone forth.
“ Howl, for the whirl-wind of the desert comes!
“ Howl ye for Tyrus, for her multitude
“ Of sins and dark abominations cry
“ Against her,” saith the LORD; “ In the mid seas
“ Her beauty shall be broken; I will bring
“ Her pride to ashes; SHE SHALL BE NO MORE.”
The distant isles shall tremble at the sound
When thou dost fall; the princes of the sea
Shall from their thrones come down, and cast away
Their broider'd robes; for thee they shall take up
A bitter lamentation, and shall say,
“ How art thou fall'n, renowned city! THOU
“ Who wert enthroned glorious on the seas,
“ To rise no more.”†

† See the awful and striking language of Isaiah, Ezekiel, &c.

Glories of Britain.

So visible, O God,
Is thy dread hand in all the earth! Where Tyre
In gold and purple glitter'd o'er the scene,
Now the poor fisher dries his net, nor thinks
How great, how rich, how glorious, once she rose!
Meantime the farthest isle, cold and obscure,
Whose painted natives roam'd their woody wilds,
From all the world cut off, that wond'ring mark'd
Her stately sails approach, now, in her turn,
Rises a star of glory in the West—
ALBION, THE WONDER OF THE ILLUMIN'D WORLD.
She sees a Newton wing the highest Heav'ns:
She sees an Herschell's* daring hand withdraw
The luminous pavilion, and the throne
Of the bright SUN reveal: She hails the voice
Of holy truth amid her cloister'd fane,
Where the clear anthem swells: Sees Taste adorn
Her palaces; and Painting's fervid touch
Bid the rich canvas breathe: Hears angel-strains
Of Handel, or melodious Purcell pour
His sweetest harmonies ; sees Poesy

* See Herschel's wonderful discoveries relating to the sun.

Triumph in the East.

Open her vales romantic, and the scenes
Where Fancy, an enraptur'd votary, roves
At eve: She hears her Shakespeare's voice, who sits
Upon a high and charmed rock alone,
And like the genius of the mountain, gives
His rapt song to the winds, while Pity weeps,
Or Terror shudders at his changeful tones,
As when his Ariel soothes the storm! Then pause,
For hark! the lone waves answer, "Lycidas
"Is dead, young Lycidas, dead ere his prime,"†
Whelm'd in the deep, beyond the Orcades,
Or where the "vision of the guarded mount,
"BELERUS holds."*

Nor skies, nor earth, confine,
Albion, thy march of glory; on she speeds—
The unknown barriers of the utmost deep
Her prow has burst, where the dread genius slept
For ages undisturb'd, save when he walk'd
Amid the darkness of the storm! Her fleet

† Milton's exquisite Lycidas, here introduced, rather than the sublime
"Paradise Lost," on account of its maritime cast.

* "The dread vision of the guarded Mount."—Milton.

Triumphs in the East.

E'en now along the East rides terrible,
Where early-rising commerce cheer'd the scene!
Heard ye the thunders of her vengeance roll,
As NELSON, through the battle's dark-red haze
Aloft upon the burning prow directs,
Where the dread hurricane, with sulph'rous flash,
Shall burst unquenchable, while from the grave
Osiris AMPLER seems to rise? Where THOU,
O Tyre, didst awe the subject seas of yore,
ACRE e'en now, and ancient CARMEL hears
The cries of conquest: mid the fire and smoke
Of the war-shaken citadel, with eye
Of temper'd flame, yet resolute command,
His brave sword beaming, and his cheering voice
Heard mid the onset's cries, his dark-brown hair
Spread on his fearless forehead, and his hand
Pointing to Gallia's baffl'd chief, behold
The British Hero stand! Why beats my heart
With kindred animation? The warm tear
Of patriot triumph fills mine eye! I strike
A louder strain unconscious, while the harp
Swells to the bold involuntary song.

Epode on the Siege of Acre,

EPODE

ON

THE SIEGE OF ACRE;

AND

BRITISH TRIUMPHS IN THE EAST.

I.

FLY, SON of TERROR, fly!

Back o'er the burning desert he is fled!

In heaps the gory dead

Gash'd in the trenches lie!

His dazzling files no more

Flash on the Syrian sands,

As when from Ægypt's ravag'd shore,

Aloft their gleamy falchions swinging,

Aloud their victor-pæans singing,

Their onward way the Gallic legions took.

Despair, dismay, are on his alter'd look,

Yet hate indignant low'rs;

Whilst high on Acre's fuming tow'rs

and British Triumphs in the East.

The shade of English Richard seems to stand;
And frowning far, in dusky rows,
A thousand archers draw their bows!
They join the triumph of the British band,
And the rent watch-tow'r echoes to the cry,
Heard o'er the rolling surge,—“ They fly, they fly!”

II.

“ Winds of the wilderness sweep o'er their bands,
“ And may their bones whiten the desert wide!”
The Mam'luc said, as on red Ægypt's sands,
Gnashing, he clench'd his scymitar, and died!
The war-trump answer'd: O'er the slain
Yea the proud chief took up his taunting strain,
“ Victors of the world we tread—
“ From yonder monuments* the dead
“ Our glorious march survey
“ To ACRE—INDIA! In the sky
“ Let the BANNER INVINCIBLE fly,
“ And our triumphs the trumps to the wilderness bray!”

* Pyramids.

 Epode on the Siege of Acre,

Shall Acre's§ feeble citadel,
 Victor, thy shatter'd hosts repell?
 Insulting chief, despair—
 A BRITON MEETS THEE THERE!
 See beneath the burning wall
 In reeking heaps th' assailants fall!
 Now the hostile fires decline,
 Now through the smoke's deep volumes shine!
 Now above the bastions grey
 The clouds of battle roll away;
 Where with calm, yet glowing mien,
 Britain's victorious Youth* is seen!

He lifts his eye

His country's ensigns wave through smoke on high,
 Whilst the long-mingl'd shout is heard 'They fly, they fly!'

III.

ANCIENT KISHON† prouder swell,
 On whose banks they bow'd, they fell—

§ Acre, situated near Kishon and Carmel.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

† See Song of Deborah:—"The river Kishon, that ancient river: Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

and British Triumphs in the East.

The mighty ones of yore, whilst, with pale dread,
Inglorious Sisera fled!

HOARY CARMEL, witness thou,
And lift in conscious pride thy brow;
As when upon thy cloudy plain

BAAL'S PROPHETS cry'd in vain!

They gash'd their flesh, and leap'd, and cry'd,
From morn till ling'ring even-tide.

Then stern Elija on his foes

Strong in the might of Heav'n arose!—

They died:—He on the altars rent,

As the black'ning clouds and rain

Came sounding from the Western main,

Stood, like the Lord of Fate, alone and eminent.

IV.

What triumphs yet remain?

Was it a groan?—a hero† fell—

On Ægypt's plain

More loud the shouts of battle swell!

† Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

Epode on the Siege of Acre,

Host meets host with direr crash,
Another* pours the red vindictive flash
Of battle: Mourn, proud Gallia, mourn
Thy distant sons scatter'd or slain;
Whilst from their gory grasp is torn
The ensign hail'd "Invincible" in vain!
What mystic monument,§ to-day restor'd,
Is wrested from the mosque's oblivious gloom?
It is thy hallow'd tomb,
Scander,† the conqueror of the world, ador'd
A GOD to farthest Caucasus:—the son
Of AMMON, who the crown of glory won,
Immortal, who the SEAS subdu'd;
And said, (when on the sandy solitude

* Lord Hutchinson.

§ Among the Ægyptian antiquities now in the British Museum, there is a most singular monument, of the rarest and most valuable marble, the green Brechia, rescued by the activity of Mr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, from the French; and supposed by him, for many cogent reasons, to be the tomb of the founder of Alexandria. His arguments have great weight; but whether they are well founded or not, the circumstance is, at least, highly poetical.

† The Arabic name of Alexander.

and British Triumphs in the East.

The new-form'd city's|| gleamy turrets rose)
“ Roll, commerce, here, till Time shall close
“ The scene of things.” Their course long ages keep:
ANOTHER† bears the SCEPTRE of the DEEP!
O'er wider seas
The sails of commerce catch the breeze;
Thy city's battlements are rent
And Britain's plain
Holds of thy greatness thy POOR LAST REMAIN—
Thy awful monument.
May she the paths of thy BEST FAME† explore,
Till PYRAMIDS are DUST, and TIME shall be no more.

|| Alexandria.

† England.

† Alexander's maritime renown.

NOTES
TO
THE SECOND BOOK.

NOTES

TO

THE SECOND BOOK.

P. 47. L. 7.

To airy harpings, &c.

ALLUDING to the pictures of the harps in the caverns of Thebes, described by Bruce.—See *Bruce's Travels*, and *Burney's History of Musick*.—It is singular, that Denon, visiting the same cavern, and drawing the same harps, should not have mentioned Bruce; the coincidence of the copies, however, sufficiently establishes Bruce's veracity.

P. 48. L. 3.

. . . . *Baalzephon, &c.*

A sea idol, generally considered the guardian of the coast. I suppose, that after ancient Thebes was destroyed by the first shepherds, its scattered inhabitants

formed a naval station on the Heropolitic gulph, or Western branch of the Red sea, at Suez, the ancient Arsinoé. Afterwards the Edomites fortified ports on either branch, at Elioth and Ezion-Geber. Migdol was a fortress that guarded the pass of Ægypt; Moses speaks of a nation possessing this country before the descendants of Esau. In the earliest ages Edom must have been a rich and powerful city and territory. David says, ‘who will lead me into Edom, the strong city.’

The Horites, whom Moses mentions, Gen. xxxvi. 20, to be in possession of Edom before the sons of Esau, (of Shem’s line) were probably of the line of Ham, from Ægypt, who first established navigation.

The Philistines worshipped Dagon their “sea idol;” having an idea, derived from Ægypt, of a deity connected with the sea. Now the Philistines certainly are reckoned by Moses among the sons of Misram; and Jeremiah, chapter xlvii. tells us, the Philistines were a remnant of the country of Capthor; which the learned Bishop Cumberland considered as the place called Sin, he thinks the ancient Pelusium in Ægypt. It is probable, therefore, that the Horites in Edom were of the same stock.

P. 49. L. 4.

The sons of Cush.—Still fearful of the flood.

“ It is a tradition among the Abyssinians, which they say they have had from time immemorial, and which is equally received among the Jews and Christians, that almost immediately after the flood, Cush, grandson of Noah, with his family, passing through Atbara, from the low country of Ægypt, then without inhabitants, came to the ridge of mountains which still separates the flat country of Atbara from the more mountainous high-land of Abyssinia.

“ By casting his eye upon the map the reader will see a chain of mountains, beginning at the isthmus of Suez, that runs all along like a wall, about forty miles from the Red Sea, till it divides in lat. 13° , into two branches. The one goes along the Northern frontiers of Abyssinia, crosses the Nile, and then proceeds Westward, through Africa, towards the Atlantic Ocean. The other branch goes Southward, and then East, taking the form of the Arabian Gulf; after which, it continues Southward all along the Indian Ocean, in the same manner as it did, in the beginning all along the Red Sea, that is parallel to the coast.

“ Their tradition says, that, terrified with the late dreadful event, the flood, still recent in their minds, and apprehensive of being again involved in a similar calamity, they chose for their habitations caves in the sides of these mountains, rather than trust themselves again on the plain. It is more than probable, that, soon after their arrival, meeting here with the tropical rains, which, for duration, still exceed the days that occasioned the flood, and observing, that going through Atbara, that part of Nubia between the Nile and Astaboras, afterwards called Mero, from a dry climate at first, they had after fallen in with rains; as those increased in proportion to their advancing Southward, they chose to stop at the first mountains, where the country was fertile and pleasant, rather than proceed farther, at the risk of involving themselves, perhaps, in a land of floods, that might prove as fatal to their posterity as that of Noah had been to their ancestors.

“ This is a conjecture from probability, only mentioned for illustration, for the motives that guided them cannot certainly be known; but it is an undoubted fact, that here the Cuthites, with unparalleled industry, and with instruments utterly unknown to us, formed for

themselves commodious, yet wonderful habitations, in the heart of mountains of granite and marble, which remain entire to this day, and promise so to do till the consummation of all things."

P. 49. L. 6.

. . . . *Imperial Thebes.*

Upper Ægypt was peopled, according to Herodotus, from Æthiopia. He mentions, that before the Ægyptians descended into the plains watered by the Nile, which formed impenetrable morasses, they dwelt on the mountains bordering on the cataracts. Bruce says, "it is probable, that immediately upon their success at Meroc, they (the Cuthites) lost no time in stretching on to Thebes."—Pocock's description is curious, as illustrating the idea of Thebes having been built by the original possessors of the abodes cut out of the marble rocks on the mountains of Abyssinia. He says, "when we proceeded a mile to the North, we came to a kind of street, for the rocky ground rose on each side about ten feet: it had a row of rooms cut in it, some of them supported by pillars; and as there is not the least sign of raised buildings, I could not help imagining that in the earliest times these caverns might serve as houses."

P. 50. L. 7.

Smites them in vain.

There is something very grand, allowing for French exaggeration, in Denon's description of the army halting involuntarily at the sight of the ruins of Thebes.

“ At nine o'clock, turning the end of a chain of mountains which formed a promontory, the French suddenly beheld the seat of the antique Thebes, in all its developement; Thebes, of which Homer has painted the extent in a single word, the *hundred-gated* Thebes—a poetic and empty expression, confidently repeated through a series of ages. Described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus by the Ægyptian priests, and copied ever since by all other historians; celebrated for a succession of kings whose wisdom has placed them in the rank of gods, for laws which were revered without being understood, for sciences confided to pompous and enigmatic inscriptions (those learned and earliest monuments of the arts, which time itself has forborne to injure;) this abandoned sanctuary, insulated by barbarism, and returned to the desert whence it was conquered; this city, in a word, perpetually wrapped in that veil of mystery by which even colossuses are mag-

nified; this exiled city, which the mind no longer discovers but through the mists of time, was still a phantom so gigantic to our imagination, that the army, at the sight of its scattered ruins, halted of itself, and, by one spontaneous impulse, grounded its arms, as if the possession of the remains of this capital had been the object of its glorious labours, had compleated the conquest of the Ægyptian territory.”

P. 16. L. 5.

Sing to Osiris.

Thebes, so called according to some from the Hebrew, *Thebath*, an ark. The hieroglyphicks on the walls are evidently allusive to the great event of one family preserved in a vessel; and Osiris is proved, I think beyond a doubt, by Bryant and Mr. Maurice, to have been Noah. A new source of investigation has indeed been opened from the sacred books of the Bramins; the account of the Eastern countries is more accurate; and “all our researches,” as Sir William Jones says, “have confirmed the Mosaic account of the primitive world.” On this interesting subject I must refer the reader more particularly to Bryant’s learned, though in many parts fanciful, Analysis; and Mr. Maurice’s

Indian Antiquities. The chief points are most judiciously brought together, explained, and illustrated by Mr. Clarke, in his interesting work on Navigation, as far as relates to this subject. Nothing appears clearer, from late researches, than that Noah and the ark were the foundation of many Pagan rites and ceremonies; and that many particularities attending the early worship of all nations were derived obscurely from the tradition of that awful circumstance described in the book of Genesis. In Mr. Maurice's words: "Whatsoever objections may have been urged by certain persons, at all times more inclined to cavil than to commend, against particular portions of the Analysis of Ancient Mythology, in my humble conception, no facts can be more firmly established than the following are, in that most learned and laudable undertaking; I mean, that the general deluge was the grand epocha of every kingdom of the ancient world; that the first post-diluvian king in every country, under whatever title he may have been distinguished, was the Mosaic Nuh, or NOAH; and that the most ancient monuments and principal memorials of all nations allude to the ruin of mankind by the former event, and to the renewal of the world in one family.

Every additional step which my subject leads me to take on that hallowed ground of antiquity, which Mr. Bryant has so ably traversed, confirms my belief, that in all their varied mythology we must look upon the great patriarch as the ULTIMATE, in whom the history finally determines. He was the Xisathrus of Chaldea, the venerable Κρονος of the Phœnicians, the supreme Osiris of Egypt; the ancient Fohi of China; the great Dionusus, or Bacchus of the Greeks; and, doubtless, the Satyaurata, or seventh Menu of India."

P. 50. L. 12.

Typhon has sunk

Typhon is considered by Bryant, &c. as signifying the general deluge, from whose rage the ark of Osiris was preserved; hence the great Ægyptian festival, and the acclamations, *Εὐσηχαμεν, Συγχαρομεν!* "We have found the lost Osiris, let us rejoice together." Among many circumstances corroborative of his position, not the least convincing is the very ceremony adopted during the efforts of the priests to find the missing object of the research; that of a number of their body going down by night to the sea-shore, bearing a sacred

scyphus, in which was a golden vessel, in the form of a ship or boat, and into which they poured some water of the river; that this being performed, the shout of tumultuous joy above-mentioned burst forth from the croud, and that then Osiris was supposed to be found. He (Mr. Bryant) winds up the whole of his argument, by proving from Plutarch, that this ceremony of inclosing Osiris in his tomb or ark, in memory of his having been in his life-time thus concealed, in order to avoid the fury of Typhon, (their known symbol of the ocean) took place precisely on the seventeenth day of the second month after the autumnal æquinox; that is, in fact, upon the very day on which the TRUE OSIRIS entered the ark, which, in Scripture, is said to have taken place in the sixth hundred year of Noah's life, on THE SECOND MONTH, AND ON THE SEVENTEENTH DAY OF THAT MONTH."—*Maurice*.

The word Typhon is no doubt derived from the Arabic, *Al Tufan*, an inundation. Some authors consider it as relating to the Red sea closing over the Ægyptian host. Others consider it as the destructive wind of the desert; as Savary, Denon, &c. Colonel Capper is of opinion, that it means the Khumseen

wind. That the Greeks understood it in the sense of a wind, I think is clear from these remarkable words:

Εκ δὲ Τυφωεὸς ἐς' ἀνεμῶν μένος ὑγρὸν αἰντῶν,
 Νόσφι Νότῃ, Βορέῳ τε, καὶ Ἀργεῖῳ, Ζεφυρῷ τε.

Hesiod. Theogo.

It must be observed that Hesiod uses the word *υγρον*, wet.

From Typhon sprung the might of the *wet* winds, &c.

Hesiod's description of the terrible deity is very sublime:

Οπλοτάτον τέκε παῖδα Τυφῶεα γαῖα πελώρη,
 Τάρταρῃ, &c. Hesiodi Theogo. 821.

The youngest son of the great earth arose,
 Huge Typhon, by the dismal Tartarus
 Begot: his hands for mightiest deeds were form'd;
 His feet no toil could tire; a hundred heads
 Of dragons from his shoulders sprung, that black
 Darted their tongues; dread-flashing from his eyes
 A living flame terrific burnt; each head

Dire voices utter'd, and a war of sounds
Ineffable, that ev'n the Gods might hear.

W. L. B.

It is probable the general deluge gave rise to the allegorical fiction of this terrific deity; that the word was afterwards applied to storms in general, and particularly, at the æquinoctial season, to the Khumseen wind, which blows with such devastating fury.

P. 50. L. 15.

Thee, great restorer of the world, the song

Darkly described, and that mysterious shrine, &c.

Among the more curious and particular circumstances allusive to the deluge, in profane history, Bryant quotes Homer, who, speaking of the rainbow, has the remarkable passage—

“Which Jove amid the clouds

“Plac'd as a token to man.”

Pope, by using the word “despairing,” makes it approach more near to the Mosaic account:

“Which Jove amid the clouds

“Plac'd as a token to *despairing* man.”

But in Homer there is nothing like the word “despairing;” the words are—

As τε Κρονίων

Εν νεφεί σῆριξε, τερας μεροπων ανθρωπων. Book λ.

“ Which Jove plac’d as a sign to *distinctly-pro-nouncing mortals*.”

However visionary some of these coincidences may be thought to be, I cannot help stating one circumstance, allusive to the great event of the flood, and the particular history of Noah, among the ancient writers, which I have never heard mentioned; and which seems to me, all things considered, to be the most striking circumstance that has been observed. It is in the 7th Idyll of Theocritus. I will endeavour to explain it.

I believe it will be granted, that the rites of Cabiri, of Ceres, or the great Demeter, were allusive to the deluge. I refer to Bryant, to Allwood’s Antiquities of Greece, &c. It will be granted, that the tradition of this event prevailed particularly in Ægypt, from the sons of Cuth being settled there. Let us then, in the first place, recollect the subject of this eclogue, and

that Theocritus, who wrote in praise of Ptolemy, might naturally be supposed to know something of the peculiar Ægyptian traditions. The subject of the eclogue is a party going to the "Feast of the mother of the Gods," or Demeter; which, I believe, is allowed to be commemorative of the deluge. On their way the subject of the song of the shepherds is, as might be expected, if the feast of Cybele related to the deluge, *nautical*. Instead of the Sicilian streams, mountains, forests of Pan, goat-herds, and shepherds, we have, abruptly and contrary to the general turn of Theocritus' eclogues,

"I wish the NAVIGATION to
"Mytelene may be safe."

This coincidence would be nothing of itself; but let us go a step farther. After the song of the first shepherd, another, as excited by a subject that reminded him of other traditions connected with the rites they were to celebrate, and the nautical strain he had just heard, begins a song upon the love of a shepherd, whose heart, he says, "wasted away" like the snow upon *Hæmus*, or the very extremest *Caucasus*—Καυ-

κατον εσχαιοεντα.

Having mentioned these mountains, and last the “extreme Caucasus,” he introduces a peculiar circumstance, so remote and distinct from any general subject of pastoral, that it appears altogether extraordinary, unless it may obscurely relate to the ark. I beg the reader to bear in mind the *connection* of one thing with the other; for that which, taken singly, might appear trifling, when considered with *all its circumstances*, might strike the mind very differently. We have already noted *the feast of Ceres; Theocritus’ knowledge of Ægypt; the navigation; the extreme Caucasus where the ark rested*. The shepherd, having mentioned Caucasus, now relates a remarkable tradition: That a man was confined, being alive, (Ζῶον ἑοῦτα) in a capacious ark (εὐρεα λαρναξ): that he was confined for *exactly one whole year*; and that he was fed there by the bees, and preserved. The shepherd ardently wishes that this Divine Comata had lived in his days. And to conclude, the observation of the other shepherd, after he has heard the tradition, is, “that he also knows songs, the fame of which GO EVEN TO THE THRONE OF JUPITER.”

Ασει δ' ὡς ποκ' ἔδεκτο τον αἰπόλον εὐρεα λαρναξ
 Ζῶον εόντα, κακαιοσιν ατασθαλαιοσιν ανακλῶ.
 Ως τε νιν αἰ σιμαι λειμῶνοδε φερβον ιοισαι
 Κέδρον ες ἀδειαν μαλακοις ἀνδεσσι μελισσαι.
 Καὶ το κατεκλασθης ες λαρνακα, καὶ το μελισσαν
 Κηρια φερβομενος, ετος ὡριον ἐξετελεσσας.

THEOCRITUS b. ζ. l. 78, &c.

I have hastily stated these coincidences, and though I am fully aware of the deceptiveness of such things, yet being on the subject, I could not avoid pointing them out. I am no farther tenacious of their probability, or *plausibility*.

P. 51. L. 7.

For lo! where Ophir's gold unbury'd shines.

When I first wrote this part, I was inclined to follow the received opinion, that Sofala, on the coast of Africa, was the ancient Ophir; an opinion supported

by such authorities as Huet, Milton, Montesquieu, D'Anville, Bruce, Vincent, &c.

Nothing can be more plausible than Bruce's account of the voyage of Solomon, as performed by monsoons, to Sofala, and taking up the exact time mentioned in Scripture, three years. He says very justly, "looking for Ophir we must abide by the words of Scripture; the voyage to it must take up three years, neither more nor less; it must abound with mines of gold and especially silver." Sofala produces peacocks, ivory, and apes; but Bruce says nothing of a peculiar tree, the alium tree, which must have been of very extraordinary value, as it was brought from so great a distance.

Now I will go farther than Bruce, in pointing out what I should think absolutely necessary to be required to mark the situation of Ophir. 1. The voyage must take up three years. 2. The country must exhibit the marks of great mines and excavations. 3. It must abound with gold, silver, precious stones, peacocks, apes, and the alium-tree. These things are absolutely necessary, but Bruce does not mention all. There are other designations which I should require.

That the country should be inhabited by people possessed of certain arts and civilization, from high antiquity. That it should have some great temples, or remains of such, if possible, correspondent with those that are described by the Scripture in the country where the gold of Ophir was carried. That it should also have something correspondent in customs and in manners with the earlier race of mankind who peopled the earth after Noah. That it should produce, besides peacocks, elephants, and apes, (of which it must be the native country) peculiar timber fit for the most durable purposes of building.

There are other incidental, but minute circumstances, which, if all added together, would tend very much to put the question out of doubt. These I shall enumerate; but I beg it to be remembered, I do it with great deference and respect for those who differ from me, and whose learning and habits of enquiry are infinitely superior to my own.

Bruce's opinion, I confess, had the greatest weight with me, as his account of the monsoons is so clear and plausible. But I considered, that for a fleet to take

advantage of them, it would be necessary to go three leagues off shore, (I believe this is the case;) that the crossing the line must have been a most formidable barrier, though I do not forget what is said by Herodotus; that if so remarkable a thing had happened, as crossing the line, it is probable some hint would have been given of it in Scripture; and that Sofala, though it produces the appearances of ancient mines, may have abounded with gold, silver, &c. still it is not the peculiar country of peacocks, nor does it more than several other countries abound with elephants. There is, moreover, no appearance of ancient magnificence; no marks of former arts and civilization; no correspondence in character, customs, antiquities, and traditions with the Eastern countries; and there is no particular tree, unknown to the other parts of the world, calculated for durability, valuable as timber, and capable of the highest and most beautiful polish.

All these things, and many other singular and corroborative circumstances, are to be found in Ava, and the Birman empire, of which we have so particular and interesting an account by Colonel Symes.

That Pegu and Siam was the country of Ophir was the opinion of Purchas, certainly a learned and respectable authority. "The Ophirian voyage," he says, "it is probable, comprehended all the gulph of Bengal, from Zeulana to Sumatra, on both sides: but the region of Ophir we make to be all from Ganges to Menan, and most properly the large kingdom of Pegu; from whence it is likely, in process of time, the most Southerly parts, even to Sumatra inclusively, were peopled *before Solomon's time*."—P. 32.

This is, perhaps, too extensive; but still I am inclined to place Ophir in this part of the world. If I might venture an opinion, I should, perhaps, place it on the sea coast between Point Negrais (the Temala province of Ptolemy) and Junkseilon; or it might have extended to Malacca. But all the commodities from Ava and the inland countries might be conveyed down the rivers Ava and Pegu (the Sabiricus and Bessinga) into the Sabaric gulph, and the communication would not have been remote from Siam: or the produce of that country might easily have been conveyed across the narrow peninsula to Merghi, the Berobe of Ptolemy.

I see it placed in the same country by Herbert, the early English traveller, who considers Malacca as the port of Ophir. “Malacca was known of old by the name of *Aurea Chersonesus*; and the same, if my ayme deceive me not, Ptolomy calls *Facola*, and more likely to be part of Ophir, (from such abundance of gold as from Pegu, Siam, Borneo, and Sumatra, is and has ever been ravished;) and in that OPHIR and HAVILAR, sons of Joctan, have resided, &c.” This old verse of Tzetzes points at it:

“Insula est Indica quam poetæ auream vocant,
Alii vero peninsulam vocant, sed non insulam
Hebræi antem Ophyr lingua sua vocant,
Habet enim metella auri, et lapides omnifarios.”

Page 314.

Some years' travels in Africa and Asia, by Thomas Herbert, esq; Jos. Blanc, printer, 1638.

Nothing can be more singular than the passage cited by Herbert:—“There is an Indian island which the poets call the Golden; but others call it a peninsula, not an island. The Hebrews call it in their own tongue Ophyr; it has gold and all sorts of precious stones.” This opinion at one time pretty generally

prevailed, but I hasten to the consideration of some remarkable circumstances in Colonel Symes book; begging however the reader to keep it in mind, that the names of countries were called after the first inhabitants. That this country abounds with gold, silver, and precious stones, much more than any other part of the known world, I imagine, is admitted on all hands. In this situation is marked by Ptolemy *regio aurea*, *regio argentea*; he has also designated places on the coast as *emporea*: but besides, there are many peculiarities, according to Colonel Symes' account, in the manners, antiquities, and customs of the people, which seem to me to corroborate the idea that this, after all, may be the country of Ophir; and if Tarshish do not signify the sea in general, I should be inclined to place it at Junkseilon.

Let us first look at the present state of the people and country:—Here is a great and powerful empire; people comparatively in a high state of cultivation, boasting a period of great antiquity, yet unconnected in a great degree with the more civilized part of the world. Such they now are, and such have existed through a long succession of ages. Here are records

of their earliest history in numerous sacred books; monuments of undoubted antiquity, and hieroglyphical representations of the same nature with those of Ægypt and India. Here are magnificent edifices of a peculiar character and appearance, distinct from the generally-known specimens of architecture, which are covered with what is called the Tee, or umbrella, an object of particular veneration. These temples are all gilt, or overlaid with gold, in a more sumptuous and singular manner than we read of in any other temples, except the temple of Solomon; they are built upon massy pillars, over which is an extensive kind of platform, on which the majestic and glittering superstructure is erected, and crowned with the sacred Tee. Here are peacocks and apes, natives of the country, and none more beautiful than the birds so called, which go wild and in flocks. Here is also a particular sort of timber in vast forests, not found, I believe, elsewhere, which is called the Teak-tree; particularly calculated for shipping, and works of durability. As for *ivory*, it is so distinguished for its elephants; and one of the King's titles is "*master of the white elephants.*" The word *gold* is used as the designation of *supreme excellence*. The king is called the "golden

feet." The great temple of Shoe-Madoo is called the GOLDEN SUPREME! The tradition relating to it is, that it was built by *merchants*.

ALL these things put together seem to mark the country as the very region of gold, the Ophir of Solomon. The almug-tree, which has puzzled commentators so long, I cannot help thinking might have been the *teak-tree*. The almug, or algum, was certainly timber of the greatest durability, as it is used for pillars. The words are, (Kings x.) "The navy of Hiram which brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug-trees; and the king made of the almug-trees pillars for the house of the LORD, and for the king's house." The great quantities of gold brought from Ophir were used in overlaying the temple of Solomon, as is the custom this day in Ava.

These considerations I suggest with diffidence, and I put them down as they occur. I take this opportunity of saying, that all we read, and the more knowledge we have of the Eastern countries, confirms every day more and more the Mosaic history relating to the restoration and dispersion of mankind; but of this

I may say more in another place. I cannot, however, omit the most remarkable circumstance of the Tee, or covering, the consecration of which is an act of high religious solemnity. Perhaps an idea primarily derived from the covering of the sacred ark; and another striking ceremony, that on the 12th of April (which corresponds with the time assigned to the cessation of the waters that covered the earth) the women have a custom of *throwing water* on every person they meet, which the men retort. A custom so singular, and preserved with so much attention and regularity, must have had some extraordinary foundation, and might be allusive to the restoration of man from that awful event, traced in the tradition of every nation, and alluded to by so many circumstances and ceremonies of antiquity.

It remains to say something concerning the *time* taken up in the voyage to Ophir. Bruce's account is ingenious; but I cannot, for some of the reasons already assigned, think Ophir was on the South-East coast of Africa. Ceylon has been considered too near, and the country of Pegu too distant, for I do not think a moment of America or China. But might

not a vessel, with the North wind, proceed down the Arabian gulph to the mouth of Babelmandel; wait the change of the monsoon, and receive the South-West to carry her to the coast of Malabar and Ceylon, (if this island might be Tarshish;) wait six months till the next monsoon, which would take her to the coast of Ava; she would wait there till the change of the regular wind, which would be a year and a half; and in the same time make her return.

This is hastily thrown out, but I think we ought not to reject so many other corroborating circumstances, because the account of the navigation may be attended with some difficulty.

If Hippalus, by accidentally discovering the regularity of the monsoons, boldly stretched across the bay of Bengal, why may not the same discovery have been made before, and have suggested the same course? Let us add the remarkable words on this subject of a very able judge: “Many of the Arabs still cross the open sea to India without a compass; and indeed when it is considered that the Indian sea during half the year is perfectly calm and still; that the sun re-

mains only a short time below the horizon; that the nights are exceedingly serene, because the brightness of the stars are never obscured by vapours or clouds; that the wind blows invariably from one quarter; and that the currents never change their course; it will readily appear such a passage may be happily effected without the help of that useful instrument.”—*Paolo de San Bartolemeo*.

Whether these observations are well founded or not, there is, however, sufficient *verisimilitude* for poetry.

I suggest also, but with hesitation, whether the Andaman islands, called the Islands of Good Fortune (*bonæ fortunæ*) by Ptolemy, and which are directly in the course, might not have had an appellation, like the Cape of Good Hope, from their being touched at in the passage to the richer regions of the Chersonese.

P. 51. L. 9.

. . . . *Ariana's spectr'd wilderness.*

The desert of Ariana, along the sea-coast, where the army of Cyrus, attempting to penetrate to India, pe-

rished. The long and dreary desert, however, was constantly passed by caravans from the earliest periods of known intercourse with India.—*Bruce*.

P. 52. L. 5.

The youthful victim

Ζωντας ανθρωπους κατπιμπρασαν Τυφωνις

καλοντες.

Plutarch de Iside.

P. 55. L. 9.

Palestine's Imperial Lord.

Annexed to Lobo's voyage to Abyssinia, (printed, in French, at Paris, and at the Hague, by Gosse and J. Neaulme, 1728) there are many ingenious dissertations on subjects relating to navigation—one on Solomon's voyage to Sofala, by Le Grand. It does not, however, give any account of the monsoons, which Bruce, with so much ingenuity, has brought to prove, that a voyage from Eziongeber to Sofala *must take up three years exactly*; and *could not have been performed in more or less*. His remarks only prove, that the great distance and the imperfection of navigation would require a great length of time to perform the voyage. But his

reasons are nothing like so satisfactory as Bruce's. He mentions the commodities—gold, silver; peacocks there are none, but the word *Thuk kiim* might be used equally to signify parroquets, of which there are abundance; and he says, there are forests of trees of great magnitude and beauty; but they are not specified, and we have no reason to imagine that they are of a sort not found in as great plenty in other parts of the world.—*Relation Historique d' Abyssinia.*

Let me add, in corroboration of what I have before said about Ophir, that the language of the South-west part of Ceylon, though so remote from Siam, is derived from the language of *Siam*, not, as might be imagined, from *India*.

P. 55. L. 13.

Burst, like the Patagonians, the vain cords.

From Magellan's account of the first appearance of the Patagonians:—"They remained for some time in this desolate region, St. Julian's bay, forty-nine degrees South of the line (America), without seeing a

human creature. They judged the country to be utterly inhabitable, when one day they saw approaching, as if he had been dropped from the clouds, a man of enormous stature, dancing and singing, and putting dust upon his head, as they supposed in token of peace. Being treated with kindness he returned with more of the same stature, two of whom the mariners decoyed on ship-board. Nothing could be more gentle in the beginning; they considered the fetters prepared for them as ornaments, but when they found for what purpose they were intended, they instantly exerted their amazing strength, and burst them in pieces."—Quoted from Goldsmith.

P. 59. L. 12.

Where the red watch-tow'r glares.

Ammonian light-houses, placed in difficult passes.

P. 50. L. 7.

Warbling syrens, &c.

In the syrens, when their real history is considered, another and a tremendous obstacle was opposed to

the enterprise of ancient mariners. Like the cruel Lamii, these syrens were Cuthite or Canaanitish priests and priestesses, who lived chiefly in their temples on the coast of Campania; and particularly near three small islands, that were called after them. The fame of these temples was considerable, on account of the women who officiated; their cruelty and profligacy was beyond description. The shores on which they resided are described by Virgil as being covered with the bones of mariners, seduced thither by the plaintive harmony of the Canaanites, which was exquisitely expressed in the artful warblings of these syrens. Their sacred hymns, accompanied by this ancient music, were too often fatal to the passing crew: Circe, therefore, advised Ulysses to avoid their places of resort.—*Clarke.*

P. 60. L. 12, 13.

. . . . *Atlantis, whether sunk*
Now to the bottom of the "monstrous world."

The celebrated passage in Plato referring to the vast island Atlantis is this:—"These writings relate what prodigious strength your city formerly repressed, when a mighty warlike power, rushing from the Atlantic Sea,

spread itself with hostile fury over Europe and Asia; for at that time the Atlantick sea was navigable, and had an island before the mouth, which is called by you the pillars of Hercules; but this island was greater than both Lybia and all Asia together, &c. In this Atlantick island a combination of kings was formed, who, with mighty and wonderful power, subdued the whole island, together with many other islands, and part of the continent; and, besides this, subjected to their dominion all Lybia, as far as Ægypt; and Europe, as far as the Tyrrhene sea. And when they were collected in a powerful league, they endeavoured to enslave all our regions and yours; and besides this, all those places situated within the mouth of the Atlantick sea. Then it was, O Solon, that the power of your city was conspicuous to all men for its virtue and strength, &c. But in succeeding times prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them *desolation in the space of one day and night*, all that warlike race of Athenians were merged under the earth, and the Atlantick island itself, being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared, &c.

“This, O Socrates, is the sum of what the elder critics, repeated from the narration of *Solon*.”

Taylor's translation of Timæus.

P. 61. L. 12, 13.

. *Lebanon*
Wav'd all its pines for thee.

There were very few of her majestic cedars standing, when this celebrated mountain was visited by Rauwolf. Volney and later travellers mention, I believe, not above four or five remaining. Rauwolf's account is as follows: "We found ourselves to be upon the highest point of the mountain, and saw nothing higher, but only a small hill before us, all covered over with snow, at the bottom whereof the high cedar-trees were standing; some whereof King Solomon ordered to be cut down, to be employed for the use of building of the temple in Jerusalem: and although the hill hath in former ages been covered over with cedars, yet they are since so decreased, that I could tell no more than twenty-four, that stood round about in a circle, and two others, the branches whereof are quite decayed for age."

Rauwolf's Travels, p. 229.

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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THE HISTORY OF THE
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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOSEPH NEALE

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
1850

SPIRIT
OF
DISCOVERY BY SEA.

Reflections.

MY heart has sigh'd in secret, when I thought
That the dark tide of time might one day close,
England, o'er thee, as long since it has clos'd
On Ægypt and on Tyre: that ages hence,
From the Pacifick's billowy loneliness,
Whose tract thy daring search reveal'd, some isle
Might rise in green-haired beauty eminent,
And like a goddess, glittering from the deep,
Hereafter sway the sceptre of domain
From pole to pole; and such as now thou art,
Perhaps NEW-HOLLAND be. For who shall say

Reflections suggested by

What the OMNIPOTENT ETERNAL ONE,
That made the world, hath purpos'd? Thoughts like these,
Though visionary, rise; and sometimes move
A moment's sadness, when I think of thee,
My country, of thy greatness, and thy name,
Among the nations; and thy character,
(Though some few spots be upon thy flowing robe)
Of loveliest beauty: I have never pass'd
Through thy green hamlets on a summer's morn,
Or heard thy sweet bells ring, or saw the youths
And smiling maidens of the villagery
Gay in their Sunday tire, but I have said,
With passing tenderness, "Live, happy land,
"Where the poor peasant feels, his shed though small,
"An independence and a pride, that fill
"His honest heart with joy—joy such as they
"Who croud the mart of men may never feel."
Such, England, is thy boast: When I have heard
The roar of ocean bursting round thy rocks,
Or seen a thousand thronging masts aspire,
Far as the eye could reach, from every port
Of every nation, streaming with their flags

Return to the Subject.

O'er the still mirror of the conscious Thames.
Yes, I have felt a proud emotion swell
That I was BRITISH-BORN; that I had liv'd
A witness of thy glory, my most lov'd
And honour'd country; and a silent pray'r
Would rise to Heav'n, that fame and peace, and love
And liberty, would walk thy vales, and sing
Their holy hymns; whilst thy brave arm repell'd
Hostility, e'en as thy guardian rocks
Repell the dash of OCEAN; which now calls
Me, ling'ring fondly on the river's side,
On to my destin'd voyage; by the shores
Of Asia, and the wreck of cities old,
Ere yet we burst into the wilder deep
With Gama; or the huge Atlantic waste
With bold Columbus stem; or view the bounds
Of field-ice, stretching to the Southern pole,
With thee, benevolent, but hapless Cook!

TYRE BE NO MORE! said the ALMIGHTY's voice:
But THOU TOO, MONARCH OF THE WORLD,* whose arm

* Nebuchadnezzar, the destroyer of Tyre.

Destruction of Babylon,

Rent the proud bulwarks of the golden queen
 Of cities, throned on her subject seas,
 ART THOU TOO FALL'N?

The whole earth is at rest:*

“ They break forth into singing:” Lebanon
 Waves all his hoary pines, and seems to say,
 “ No feller now comes here:” HELL from beneath
 Is mov'd to meet thy coming; it stirs up
 The DEAD for thee; the CHIEF ONES of the earth,
 Tyre and the nations, they all speak, and say,
 “ Art thou become like us? Thy pomp brought down
 “ E'en to the dust? The noise of viols ceas'd,
 “ The worm spread under thee, the crawling worm
 “ To cover thee? How art thou fall'n from heav'n,
 “ Son of the morning! In thy heart thou saidst,
 “ *I will ascend to Heav'n; I will exalt*
 “ *My throne above the stars of GOD!*” Die, die,
 Blasphemer! As a carcase under foot,
 Defil'd and trodden, so be thou cast out!
 And SHE, the great, the guilty Babel—SHE

* In the sublime passages of Scripture, I have thought it best, as so much more dignified and impressive, to preserve, as near as possible, the very expressions.

After Tyre.

Who smote the wasted cities, and the world
Made as a wilderness—SHE, in her turn,
Sink to the gulph oblivious at the voice
Of HIM who sits in judgment on her crimes!
WHO, o'er her palaces and bury'd tow'rs,
Shall bid the howl hoot, and the bittern scream;
And on her pensile groves and pleasant shades
Pour the deep waters of forgetfulness.

On that same night, when with a cry she fell,
(Like her own mighty idols dash'd to earth)
There was a strange eclipse, and long laments
Were heard, and mutt'ring thunders o'er the tow'rs
Of the high palace, where his wassail loud
BALTHAZAR kept, mocking the GOD OF HEAVEN,
And flush'd with impious mirth; for BEL* had left
With sullen shriek his golden shrine, and sat,
With many a gloomy apparition girt,
NISROCK and NEBO chief, in the dim sphere
Of mooned ASTORETH, whose orb now roll'd

* Assyrian Deities.

Cyrus succeeds to the Empire of Babylon.

In darkness:—They their earthly empire mourn'd;
 (Meantime the host of Cyrus through the night
 Silent advanc'd more nigh) and at that hour,
 In the torch-blazing hall of revelry,
 The fingers of a shadowy hand distinct
 Came forth, and unknown figures mark'd the wall,
 "Searing the eye-balls" of the starting king:
 "TYRE IS AVENG'D;—BABEL IS FALL'N, IS FALL'N.—
 "BEL AND HER GODS ARE SCATTER'D!

PRINCE, to thee,
 Call'd by the voice of GOD* to execute
 His will on earth, and rais'd to Persia's throne,
 CYRUS, all hearts pay homage. Touch'd with tints
 Most clear, by the historian's† magic art,
 Thy features wear a gentleness and grace
 Unlike the stern cold aspect and the frown
 Of the dark chiefs of yore, the gloomy clan
 Of heroes, from humanity and love
 Remov'd: In thee a sweeter character
 Appears—high dignity, unbending truth—

* 'I have called upon Cyrus.'—Isaiah.

† Xenophon's exquisite *Κυρουπαιδεία*.

His Character—amiable, but impolitic—

Yet NATURE; not that lordly apathy
Which confidence and human sympathy
Represses, but a soul that bids all hearts
Smiling approach: We almost burn in thought
To kiss the hand that loos'd Panthea's chains,†
And bless him with a parent's, husband's tear,
Who stood a guardian angel in distress
To the unfriended, and the beautiful,
Consign'd a helpless slave. Thy portrait, touch'd
With tints of softest light, thus wins all hearts
To love thee; but severer policy,
CYRUS, pronounces otherwise: She hears
No stir of commerce on the sullen marge
Of waters, that along thy empire's verge
Beat cheerless; no proud moles arise; no ships,
Freighted with Indian wealth, glide o'er the main
From cape to cape. But on the desert sands
*Hurtles thy numerous host, seizing, in thought
Rapacious, the rich fields of Indostan,

† See the enchanting story of Panthea and Abradotes.

* Cyrus, instead of encouraging commerce, sent his armies to penetrate into India; but they perished in the desert.

Opposed to the Character of Alexander.

As the poor savage fells the blooming tree
To gain its tempting fruit.‡ But woe the while!
For in the wilderness the noise is lost
Of all thy archers;—they have ceas'd;—the wind
Blows o'er them, and the voice of judgment cries,
“ So perish they *who grasp with avarice*
“ *Another's blessed portion, and disdain*
“ *That interchange of mutual good, that crowns*
“ *The slow sure toil of commerce.*”

It was thine,
IMMORTAL SON OF MACEDON, to hang
In the high fane of MARITIME RENOWN
The fairest trophies of thy fame, and shine
THEN only LIKE A GOD,* when thy great mind
Sway'd in its master council the deep tide
Of things, predestining the eventful roll
Of commerce, and uniting EITHER WORLD†
Europe and Asia, in thy vast design.

‡ Images from Montesquieu.

* Alexander assumed the character of a god.

† Great design of Alexander, in making Ægypt the emporium of the world.

The Conqueror of the East advances,

Now had he, in his terrible career,
Pass'd, like the angel of the hurricane,
Mid thunders and in darkness, o'er the plains
Of ravag'd Indostan; and far advanc'd
To the bright kingdoms of the morn, beyond
Hydaspes, o'er Panjab; when on the banks
Of green Hyphasis, whitening, far and wide
O'er the rich level land, his murmuring camp§
Was spread. On high he bid the altars rise,||
The awful records to succeeding years
Of his long march of glory, and to point
The spot, where, like the thunder, roll'd away,
His mighty army paus'd. Now EVE came down—
The trumpet sounded to the setting sun,
That look'd from his illum'd pavilion calm
Upon the scene of arms, as if, all still
And lovely as his parting light, the world
Beneath him roll'd; nor clangors, nor deep groans,
Were heard, nor vict'ry's shouts, nor sighs, nor shrieks,
Were ever wafted from a bleeding land

§ The Macedonians refused to proceed.

|| Aræ Alexandri, placed as the boundary of his conquests.

Towards the Sources of the Indus.

After the havoc of the conqu'ror's sword.
So calm the sun declin'd; when from the woods
That shone to his last beam, a BRAHMIN old
Came forth. His streaming beard shone in the ray
That slanted o'er his feeble frame; his front
Was furrow'd. Tow'rd the farewell light he cast
A look of sorrow, then in silence bow'd
Before the conqu'ror of the world. At once
All, as in death, was still. The victor chief
Shiver'd, he knew not why; the trumpet ceas'd
Its clangor, and the crimson streamer wav'd
No more in folds insulting to the Lord
Of the reposing world. The pallid front
Of the meek man smil'd for a moment calm,
Though dark and thronging thoughts still seem'd to swell
His beating heart.—He paus'd—and then abrupt,
 “Victor, avaunt!” he cry'd,
“HENCE! and the banners of thy pride
“BEAR TO THE DEEP! Behold on high
“Yon range of mountains* mingl'd with the sky:

* The Indian Caucasus, where the Ark rested.—See Indian account of the Deluge.

A Brahmin declares his Fate.

“ It is the place

“ Where the GREAT FATHER of the human race
“ Rested, when all the world and all its sounds
“ Ceas’d; and the ocean that surrounds
“ The earth, leap’d from its dark abode
“ Beneath the mountains, and enormous flow’d,
“ The green earth deluging! LIST, SOLDIER, LIST!
“ AND DREAD HIS MIGHT NO MORTAL MAY RESIST:

“ Great Brahma rested, hush’d in sleep,

“ When Hayagraiva* came

“ With mooned horns and eyes of flame,
“ And bore the holy Vedas† to the deep.
“ Far from the sun’s rejoicing ray,
“ Beneath the huge abyss, the bury’d treasures lay.
“ Then foam’d the billowy desert wide,
“ And all that breath’d—they died,
“ Sunk in the rolling waters: such the crime
“ And violence of earth. But He above,
“ Great Vistnoo, mov’d with pitying love,
“ Preserv’d the PIOUS king, whose ark sublime

* Hayagraiva, the evil spirit of the ocean.

† The sacred writings of the Hindoos.

Prophetic View

“Floated, in safety borne :
“For his stupendous horn,
“Blazing like gold, and many a rood
“Extended o’er the dismal flood,
“The precious freight sustain’d, till on the crest
“Of H¹MAKEEL,* yon mountain high,
“That darkly mingles with the sky,
“Where many a griffin roams, the hallow’d dark found rest.”

“And Heav’n decrees that here
“Shall cease thy slaught’ring spear.
“Enough we bleed, enough we weep,
“Hence, to the deep !
“E’en now along the tide
“I see thy ships triumphant ride ;
“I see the world of trade emerge
“From ocean’s solitude ! What fury fires
“My breast ? The flood, the flood retires, †
“And owns its future sovereign. Urge
“Thy destin’d way ; what countless pennants stream !

* Caucasus.

† Alluding to the astonishment of Alexander’s soldiers, when they first witnessed the effects of the tide.

Of his Conquest of the Seas.

(" Or is it but the shadow of a dream ?)

" E'en now old Indus hails

" Thy daring prow in long array,

" That o'er the lone seas gliding,

" Around the sea-gods riding,

" Speed to Euphrates' shores their destin'd way.

" Fill high the bowl of mirth !

" From west to east the earth

" Proclaims thee Lord ; shall the blue main

" Confine thy reign ?

" But tremble, tyrant ; hark in many a ring,

" With language dread

" Above thy head,

" The dark Assoors† thy death-song sing :

" What mortal blow

" Hath laid the mighty king of nations low ?

" No hand : his own despair.§—

" But shout, for the canvass shall swell to the air,

† Assoors, the evil genii of India.

§ Alluding to the death of Alexander.

Foundation of Alexandria.

“ Thy ships explore
“ Unknown Persia’s winding shore,
“ While the great dragon rolls his arms in vain.
“ And see, uprising from the level main,
“ A new and glorious city springs—
“ Hither speed thy woven wings,
“ That glance along the azure tide;
“ Asia and Europe own thy might;—
“ The willing seas of either world unite.—
“ Thy name gives glory to the sands,
“ And glitt’ring to the sky the mart of nations stands.”

He spoke, and rush’d into the thickest wood.
With flashing eyes th’ impatient monarch cry’d,
‘ Yes, by the LYBIAN AMMON and the GODS
‘ Of GREECE, thou bidst me on, the self-same tract
‘ My proud ambition pointed; and for this
‘ I bade my city rise!* Let DEATH betide,
‘ MY NAME SHALL LIVE IN GLORY.’

* Alexander commenced the foundation of Alexandria before his expedition to India.

At his word

The pines descend; the thronging masts aspire;
The novel sails swell beauteous o'er the curves
Of INDUS; to the MODERATORS' song†
The oars keep time; while bold Nearchus guides
Aloft the gallies: On the foremost prow
The monarch from his golden goblet‡ pours
A full libation to the Gods, and calls
By name the mighty rivers, through whose course
He seeks the sea. To LYBIAN AMMON loud
The songs ascend; the trumpets ring; aloft
The streamers fly, while on the evening wave
Majestic to the main the fleet descends.

† Moderators were people stationed on the poop, to excite with songs the maritime ardor, while the oars kept time.

‡ From the historical account by Arrian.

NOTES
TO
THE THIRD BOOK.

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THE THIRD BOOK.

P. 119, L. 6.
. . . . *Hydaspes, &c.*

ALEXANDER passed the Hydaspes, the first river of the Panjab, (the most fertile part of India, so called from its five rivers) during a hurricane, and in the midst of thunder and lightning; on which account he was considered as a supernatural being.

P. 119, L. 7.
. . . . *Hyphasis, &c.*

The most Eastern river of the Panjab: the Macedonians when they came to it, refused to proceed any farther. Here Alexander erected his monuments, called,

in the ancient maps, *Alexandri aræ*. The reader will keep in mind the chief circumstance that gives an unity to the poem—I mean the *resting of the ark*, supposed to be upon the mountains of Caucasus, which extend towards the sources of the Indus.

P. 121, L. 9.

Great Brahma rested, &c.

THE INDIAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

“Near the close of the Calpa, (a period of duration of astronomical origin, stated in the Syrya Siddhanta as equal to a thousand maha yugs, or grand revolutions) Brahma, fatigued with the care of so many worlds, fell into a profound slumber. During this slumber of the Creator, the strong dæmon, or giant Hayagraiva, came near him, and stole the Vedas; those four sacred volumes which originally flowed from the lips of the quadruple deity. With this inestimable treasure he retired into the deep and secret bosom of the ocean, &c. Deprived of the vigilant care of Brahma, the world fell into disorder; no longer guided by the light of the sacred books, the human race became to the last degree corrupt. They were all consequently

destroyed in a VAST DELUGE, except a PIOUS KING and his family, which consisted of SEVEN PERSONS, who *floated on the waters* in a vessel fabricated according to the express direction of Vistnu. For this pious monarch, one day performing his devotions on the sea-shore, was forewarned of the approaching calamity by that preserving deity; and having prepared a vessel as commanded, at the appointed time Veeshnu appeared again in the form of a fish, blazing like gold, and extending a million of leagues, with one stupendous horn, to which the king fastened the vessel, by a cable composed of a vast serpent, and was thus towed in safety along the surface of the raging elements. When the waters abated, he and his companions were safely again landed."

Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 276.

P. 122, L. 17.

The flood, the flood retires, &c.

Alluding to the astonishment of the soldiers of Alexander, when they first saw the effects of the tide.

"Being come nearer to the sea, a circumstance, new and unheard of by the Macedonians, threw them into

the utmost confusion, and exposed the fleet to the greatest danger; and this was the ebbing and flowing of the ocean. Forming a judgment of this vast sea from that of the Mediterranean, the only one they knew, and whose ebblings are imperceptible, they were astonished when they saw it rise to a great height, and overflow the country; and considered it a mark of the anger of the gods, to punish their rashness.”

P. 123, L. 5.

Around the sea-gods riding.

This refers to the appearance of the vast inhabitants of the deep, that sported round the vessel, and astonished the sailors of Nearchus on their voyage. As the circumstance is romantic, I give it from Clark's Abstract of Nearchus' Voyage, taken from Dr. Vincent's learned dissertation.

“Nearchus says, that the morning he was off Kyiza, they were surprised by observing the sea thrown up to a great height in the air, as if it were carried by a whirlwind. The people enquired the cause, and were informed it was owing to the blowing of whales. This report by no means quieted them; the oars dropt from

their hands. Nearchus encouraged them, and pointed the heads of the vessels to the creatures, ordering his sailors to attack them, as they would an enemy, if they approached. The fleet formed as if going to engage; when shouting all together, as loud as they could, *Alala*, or the cry of war, and dashing the water with their oars, the trumpets sounding at the same time, they saw the enemy give way, for the monsters sunk a-head before the vessels, and rose again astern, where they continued blowing, without exciting farther alarm."

P. 123, L. 14.

Assoors thy death-song sing.

Assoors are the evil genii of India. After his Indian expedition, Alexander became superstitious and subject to melancholy, which continued to his death.

L. 125, L. 9.

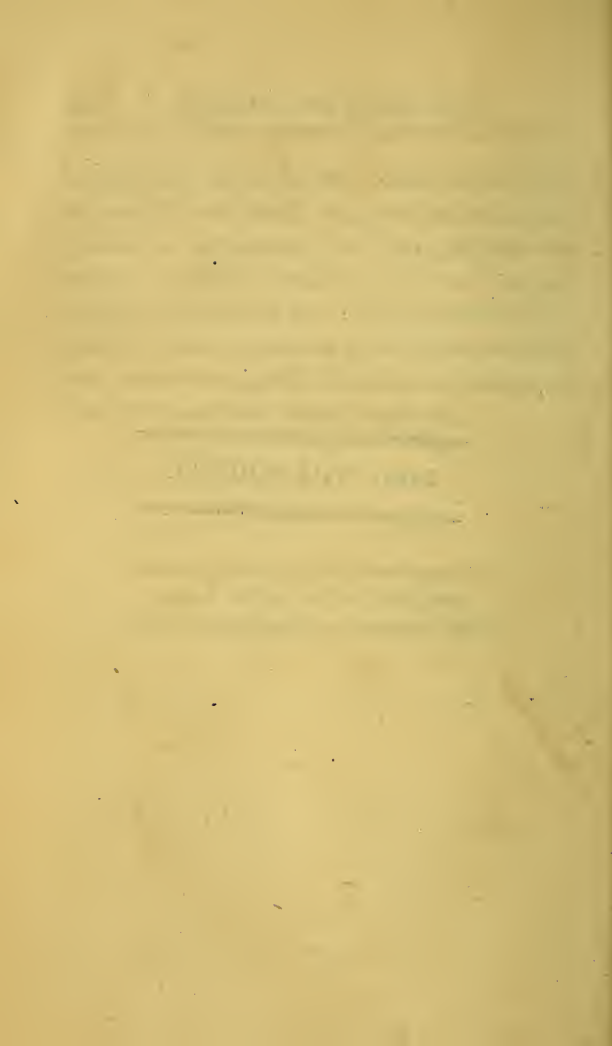
And calls by name the mighty rivers, &c.

This is copied from the historical account.—"Taking his station conspicuously on the prow of the ship, the king then poured libations from a golden goblet, and solemnly invoked the great rivers, the Hydaspes, the

Acesinas, and the Sinde, down whose stream he was to descend to the ocean. Hercules also, and Jupiter Ammon, he endeavoured to render propitious by renewed sacrifice. Immediately, all the trumpets sounding by signal, the fleet unmoored, and under the guidance of that experienced mariner, who undertook their construction, glided leisurely and majestically down the tranquilized current.”—*Arrian*.

END OF NOTES TO THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK THE FOURTH.



SPIRIT
OF
DISCOVERY BY SEA.

Triumph of Commerce.

STAND on the GLEAMING PHAROS,* and aloud
Shout, COMMERCE, to the kingdoms of the earth;
SHOUT, for thy golden portals are set wide,
And all thy streamers o'er the surge, aloft,
In pomp triumphant wave. The weary way
That pale Nearchus† pass'd, from creek to creek
Advancing slow, no longer bounds the track
Of the advent'rous mariner, who steers
Steady, with eye intent upon the stars,
To ELAM's echoing port: Meantime more high

* The Pharos was not erected by Alexander, but Alexandria is here supposed to be finished.

† So called, because he was emaciated by his toils.

Alexandria complete.

Aspiring, o'er the Western main her tow'rs
The Imperial city lifts, the central mart
Of nations, and beneath the calm clear sky
At distance, from the palmy marge displays
Her clust'ring columns whitening to the morn.

Damascus' fleece, Golconda's gems, are there.
Murmurs the haven with one ceaseless hum—
The hurrying camel's bell, the driver's song,
Along the sands resound. TYRE, art thou fall'n?
A PROUDER CITY crowns the inland sea,
Rais'd by his hand who smote thee; as if thus,
His mighty mind were sway'd, to recompense
The evil of his march through cities storm'd,
And regions wet with blood! and still had flow'd
The tide of commerce through the destin'd track,
Trac'd by his mind sagacious, who survey'd
The world he conquer'd with a SAGE'S EYE,
AS WITH A SOLDIER'S SPIRIT; BUT A SCENE
MORE AWFUL OPENS!—ANCIENT WORLD, adieu!
ADIEU, cloud-piercing pillars,* erst its bounds,
And THOU, whose aged head once seem'd to prop
The Heav'ns, HUGE ATLAS, sinking fast, ADIEU!

* Pillars of Hercules.

Spirit of Enterprise leaves the Mediterranean.

What though the seas with wilder fury rave,
Through their deserted realm; though the dread Cape,*
Sole-frowning o'er the war of waves below,
That bar the seaman's search, horrid in air
Appear with giant amplitude; his head
Shrouded in clouds, the tempest at his feet,
And standing thus terrific, seem to say,
Incens'd, "Approach who dare!" What tho' the fears
Of superstition people the next space
With spirits unblest, that lamentations make
To the sad surge beyond—yet ENTERPRISE,
Not now a darkling Cyclop on the sands
Striding, but led by SCIENCE, and advanc'd
To a more awful height, on the wide scene
Looks down commanding.

Does a shudd'ring thought
Of danger start, as the tumultuous sea
Tosses below? Calm Science, with a smile,
Displays the wond'rous index,§ that still points,
With nice vibration trem'lous, to the Pole.

* Cape Bojador.

§ Mariner's Compass.

Magnet.

“ And such, she whispers, is the just man’s hope
“ In this tempestuous scene of human things,
“ Ev’n as the constant needle to the North
“ Still points, so piety and meek-ey’d faith
“ Direct, though trembling oft, their constant gaze
“ Heaven-ward, as to their lasting home, nor fear
“ The night, fast-closing on their earthly way.

“ And guided by this index, thou shalt pass
“ The WORLD OF SEAS SECURE. Far from all land,
“ Where not a sea-bird wanders; where nor star,
“ Nor moon appears, nor the bright noon-day sun;
“ Safe in the wild’ring storm, as when the breeze
“ Of summer gently blows; through day, through night,
“ Where sink the well-known stars, and others rise
“ Slow from the South, the VICTOR BARK shall ride.”

HENRY, thy ardent mind first pierc’d the gloom
Of dark disastrous ignorance, that sat
Upon the Southern wave, like the deep cloud
That lower’d upon the woody skirts, and veil’d
From mortal search, with umbrage ominous,
MADEIRA’S unknown isle. But look the morn

Henry of Portugal.

Is kindl'd on the shadowy offing; streaks
Of clear cold light on Sagres' battlements
Are cast, where Henry watches, list'ning still
To the unwearied surge; and turning still
His anxious eyes to the horizon's bounds.
A sail appears—it swells, it shines: more high
Seen through the dusk it looms; and now the hull
Is black upon the surge, whilst she rolls on
Aloft—the weather-beaten ship—and now
Streams by the watch-tow'r!

“ZARCO, from the deep
“What tidings?”

‘The loud storm of night prevail’d,
‘And swept our vessel from Bojador’s rocks
‘Far out to sea; a sylvan isle† receiv’d
‘Our sails, so will’d the ALMIGHTY—He who speaks,
‘And all the waves are still!’

“Hail,” HENRY cry’d,
“The omen: we have burst the sole barrier—

† Porto Santo.

First Appearance of Madeira.

“ Prosper our wishes, Father of the world—

“ WE SPEED TO ASIA.”

Soon upon the deep

The brave ship rolls again.—Bojador's rocks
Arise at distance, frowning o'er the surf—
That boils for many a league without. Its course
The vessel keeps; till lo the beauteous isle,
That shielded late the suff'ers from the storm,
Springs o'er the wave again. Here they refresh
Their wasted strength, and lift their vows to Heav'n.
But Heav'n denies their farther search; for ah,
What fearful apparition, pall'd in clouds,
For ever sits upon the western wave,
Like night, and in its strange portentous gloom
Wrapping the lonely waters, seems the bounds
Of Nature? Still it sits, day after day,
The same mysterious vision. Holy saints,
Is it the dread abyss where all things cease?
Or haply hid from mortal search, thy isle,
Cipango, and that unapproached seat
Of peace, where rest the Christians whom the hate
Of Moorish pride pursu'd. Whate'er it be,
ZARCO, thy holy courage bids thee on,

Madeira discovered.

To burst the gloom, though dragons guard the shore,†
Or beings more than mortal pace the sands,

The fav'ring gales invite; the bowsprit bears
Right onward to the fearful shade; more black
The cloudy spectre tow'rs; already fear
Shrinks at the view aghast and breathless. Hark!
'Twas more than the deep murmur of the surge
That struck the ear; while through the lurid gloom
Gigantic phantoms seem to lift in air
Their misty arms;—yet, yet—bear boldly on—
The mist dissolves,—seen through the parting haze,
Romantic rocks, like the depictur'd clouds,
Shine out; beneath a blooming wilderness
Of vary'd wood is spread, that scents the air;
Where fruits of “golden rind,” thick interpos'd
And pendent, through the mantling umbrage gleam
Inviting: Cypress here, and stateliest pine,

† I have called the three islands of Madeiras the Hesperides, who, in ancient mythology, are the three daughters of Atlas; as I consider the orange-trees and mysterious shade, with the rocks discerned through it on a nearer approach, to be the best solution of the fable of the golden fruit, the dragon, and the three daughters of Atlas.

Description.

Spire o'er the nether shades, as emulous
Of sole distinction, ^hwere all nature smiles.
Some trees, in sunny glades alone, their head
And graceful stem uplifting, mark below
The turf with shadow, whilst in rich festoons
The flow'ry lianes braid their boughs; meantime
Choirs of innumerable birds of liveliest song
And radiant plumage, flitting through the shades,
With nimble glance are seen; they, unalarm'd,
Now near in airy circles sing, then speed
Their random flight back to their shelt'ring bow'rs,
Whose silence, broken only by their song,
From the foundation of this busy world,
Perhaps had never echo'd to the voice,
Or heard the steps, of Man. What rapture fir'd
The strangers' bosoms, as from glade to glade
They pass'd, admiring all, and gazing still
With new delight. But solitude is round,
Deep solitude, that on the gloom of woods
Primæval fearful hangs: a green recess
Now opens in the wilderness; gay flow'rs
Of unknown name purple the yielding sward;
The ring-dove murmurs o'er their head, like one





Tomb of Anna D' Arfet.

Attesting tenderest joy; but mark the trees,
Where, slanting through the gloom, the sunshine rests,—
Beneath, a moss-grown monument appears,
O'er which the green banana gently waves
Its long leaf; and an aged cypress near
Leans, as if list'ning to the streamlet's sound,
That gushes from the adverse bank; but pause—
Approach with reverence! MAKER of the world,
There is a CHRISTIAN'S CROSS! and on the stone
A NAME, yet legible amid its moss,—
“ANNA.”

In that remote and sever'd spot,
Shut as it seem'd from all the world, and lost
In boundless seas, to trace a name, to mark
The emblems of their holy faith, from all
Drew tears! while ev'ry voice faintly pronounc'd
“ANNA!” But thou, lov'd harp, whose strings have rung
To louder tones, oh! let my hand, awhile,
The wires more softly touch, whilst I rehearse
Her name and fate, who in this desert deep,
Far from the world, from friends, and kindred, found
Her long and last abode, there where no eye

Might shed a tear on her remains; no heart
Sigh in remembrance of her fate:

She left

The Severn's side, and fled with him she lov'd
O'er the wide main; for he had told her tales
Of happiness in distant lands, where care
Comes not, and pointing to the golden clouds
That shone above the waves, when ev'ning came,
Whisper'd, "O are there not sweet scenes of peace,
" Far from the murmurs of this cloudy mart,
" Where gold alone bears sway, scenes of delight,
" Where Love may lay his head upon the lap
" Of innocence, and smile at all the toil
" Of the low-thoughted throng, that place in wealth
" Their only bliss? Yes, there are scenes like these.—
" Leave the vain chidings of the world behind,
" Country, and hollow friends, and fly with me
" Where love and peace in distant vales invite.
" What would'st thou here? O shall thy beauteous look
" Of maiden innocence, thy smile of youth, thine eyes
" Of tenderness and soft subdu'd desire,
" Thy form, thy limbs—oh, madness!—be the prey

Story continued.

“ Of a decrepid spoiler, and for gold?—
“ Perish his treasure with him. Haste with me,
“ We shall find out some sylvan nook, and then
“ If thou shouldst sometimes think upon these hills,
“ When they are distant far, and drop a tear,
“ Yes—I will kiss it from thy cheek, and clasp
“ Thy angel beauties closer to my breast,
“ And while the winds blow o’er us, and the sun
“ Goes beautifully down, and thy soft cheek
“ Reclines on mine, I will infold thee thus,
“ And proudly cry, my friend—my love—my wife!”

So tempted he, and soon her heart approv’d,
Nay woo’d, the blissful dream; and oft at eve,
When the moon shone upon the wand’ring stream,
She pac’d the castle’s battlements, that threw
Beneath their solemn shadow, and, resign’d
To fancy and to tears, thought it most sweet,
To wander o’er the world with him she lov’d.
Nor was his birth ignoble, for he shone
Mid England’s gallant youth in Edward’s reign—
With countenance erect, and honest eye
Commanding, (yet suffus’d in tenderness

Story continued.

At times) and smiles that like the lightning play'd
On his brown cheek,—so gently stern he stood,
Accomplish'd, gen'rous, gentle, brave, sincere,—
ROBERT A MACHIN. But the sullen pride
Of haughty D'ARFET scorn'd all other claim
To his high heritage, save what the pomp
Of amplest wealth, and loftier lineage gave.*
Reckless of human tenderness, that seeks
One lov'd, one honour'd object, wealth alone
He worshipp'd; and for this he could consign
His only child, his aged hope, to loath'd
Embraces, and a life of tears! Nor here
His hard ambition ended; for he sought,
By secret whispers of conspiracies,
His sovereign to abuse, bidding him lift
His arm avenging, and upon a youth
Of promise close the dark forgotten gates
Of living sepulture, and in the gloom
Inhume the slowly-wasting victim.—

* Machin was of the third order of nobility.

Story continued.

So

He purpos'd, but in vain: the ardent youth
Rescu'd her—her whom more than life he lov'd,
E'en when the horrid day of sacrifice
Drew nigh. He pointed to the distant bark,
And while he kiss'd a stealing tear that fell
On her pale cheek, as trusting she reclin'd
Her head upon his breast, with ardour cry'd,
“*Be mine, be only mine*; the hour invites;
“Be mine, be only mine.” So won, she cast
A look of last affection on the towers
Where she had pass'd her infant days, that now
Shone to the setting sun—“*I follow thee*,”
Her faint voice said; and lo! where in the air
A sail hangs tremulous, and soon her steps
Ascend the vessel's side: The vessel glides
Down the smooth current, as the twilight fades,
Till soon the woods of Severn, and the spot
Where D'Arfet's solitary turrets rose,
Is lost—a tear starts to her eye—she thinks
Of him whose grey head to the earth shall bend,
When he speaks nothing—but be all, like death,
Forgotten. Gently blows the placid breeze,

Story continued.

And oh! that now some fairy pinnace light
Might flit along the wave, (by no seen pow'r
Directed, save when Love* upon the prow
Gather'd or spread with tender hand the sail)
That now some fairy pinnace, o'er the surge
Silent, as in a summer's dream, might waft
The passengers upon the conscious flood
To regions of undisturbed joy.

But hark!

The wind is in the shrouds—the cordage sings
With fitful violence—the blast now swells,
Now sinks. Dread gloom invests the farther wave,
Whose foaming toss alone is seen, beneath
The veering bowsprit.

O retire to rest,

Maiden, whose tender heart would beat, whose cheek
Turn pale to see another thus expos'd:—
Hark! the deep thunder louder peals—O save—

* Image taken from Ovid's Sappho to Phaon.

Story continued.

The high mast crashes; but the faithful arm
Of love is o'er thee, and thy anxious eye,
Soon as the grey of morning peeps, shall view
Green Erin's hills aspiring!

The sad morn
Comes forth; but Terror on the sunless wave
Still, like a sea-fiend, sits, and darkly smiles
Beneath the flash that through the struggling clouds
Bursts frequent, half revealing his scath'd front,
Above the rocking of the waste that rolls
Boundless around:—

No word through the long day
She spoke:—Another slowly came:—No word,
The beauteous drooping mourner spoke. The sun
Twelve times had sunk beneath the sullen surge,
And cheerless rose again:—Ah where are now
Thy havens, France? But yet—resign not yet—
Ye lost sea-farers—oh, resign not yet
All hope—the storm is pass'd; the drenched sail
Shines in the passing beam! Look up, and say,
“HEAV'N, THOU HAST HEARD OUR PRAYERS!”

Story continued.

And lo, scarce seen,
A distant dusky spot appears;—they reach
An unknown shore, and green and flow'ry vales,
And azure hills, and silver-gushing streams,
Shine forth, a Paradise, which Heav'n alone
Who saw the silent anguish of despair,
Could raise in the waste wilderness of waves.—
They gain the haven—through untrodden scenes,
Perhaps untrodden by the foot of man
Since first the earth arose, they wind: The voice
Of Nature hails them here with music, sweet,
As waving woods retir'd, or falling streams,
Can make; most soothing to the weary heart,
Doubly to those who, struggling with their fate,
And weary'd long with watchings and with grief,
Sought but a place of safety. All things here
Whisper repose and peace; the very birds
That mid the golden fruitage glance their plumes,
The songsters of the lonely valley, sing
“Welcome from scenes of sorrow, live with us.”—

The wild wood opens, and a shady glen
Appears, embow'r'd with mantling laurels high,

Story continued.

That sloping shade the flow'ry valley's side;
A lucid stream, with gentle murmur, strays
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves,
Till gaining, with soft lapse, the nether plain,
It glances light along its yellow bed;—
The shaggy inmates of the forest lick
The feet of their new guests, and gazing stand.—
A beauteous tree upshoots amid the glade
Its trembling top; and there upon the bank
They rest them, while the heart o'erflows with joy.

Now evening, breathing richer odours sweet,
Came down: a softer sound the circling seas,
The ancient woods resounded, while the dove,
Her murmurs interposing, tenderness
Awak'd, yet more endearing, in the hearts
Of those who, sever'd far from human kind,
Woman and man, by vows sincere betroth'd,
Heard but the voice of Nature. The still moon
Arose—they saw it not—cheek was to cheek
Inclin'd, and unawares a stealing tear
Witness'd how blissful was that hour, that seem'd
Not of the hours that time could count. A kiss

Story continued.

Stole on the list'ning silence; never yet
Here heard: they trembl'd, e'en as if the Pow'r
That made the world, that planted the first pair
In Paradise, amid the garden walk'd,—
This since the fairest garden that the world
Has witness'd, by the fabling sons of Greece
HESPERIAN nam'd, who feign'd the watchful guard
Of the scal'd Dragon, and the Golden Fruit.
Such was this sylvan Paradise; and here
The loveliest pair, from a hard world remote,
Upon each other's neck reclin'd; their breath
Alone was heard, when the dove ceas'd on high
Her plaint; and tenderly their faithful arms
Infolded each the other.

Thou, dim cloud,
That from the search of men these beauteous vales
Hast clos'd, oh doubly veil them. But alas,
How short the dream of human transport! Here,
In vain they built the leafy bow'r of love,
Or cull'd the sweetest flow'rs and fairest fruit.
The hours unheeded stole! but ah; not long—
Again the hollow tempest of the night

Story continued.

Sounds through the leaves; the inmost woods resound;
Slow comes the dawn, but neither ship nor sail
Along the rocking of the windy waste
Is seen: the dash of the dark-heaving wave
Alone is heard. Start from your bed of bliss,
Poor victims, never more shall ye behold
Your native vales again; and thou, sweet child,
Who, list'ning to the voice of love, hast left
Thy friends, thy country,—oh may the wan hue
Of pining memory, the sunk cheek, the eye
Where tenderness yet dwells, atone, (if love
Atonement need, by cruelty and wrong
Beset) atone e'en now thy rash resolves.
Ah, fruitless hope! Day after day thy bloom
Fades, and the tender lustre of thy eye
Is dimm'd; thy form, amid creation, seems
The only drooping thing.

Thy look was soft,
And yet most animated, and thy step
Light as the roe's upon the mountains. Now,
Thou sittest hopeless, pale, beneath the tree
That fann'd its joyous leaves above thy head,

Story continued.

Where love had deck'd the blooming bow'r, and strew'd
The sweets of summer: DEATH is on thy cheek,
And thy chill hand the pressure scarce returns
Of him, who, agoniz'd and hopeless, hangs
With tears and trembling o'er thee. Spare the sight,—
She faints—she dies:—

He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living, and upon her tomb
Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclin'd,
Plac'd the last tribute of his earthly love.

INSCRIPTION.

ANNA D'ARFET.

I.

“ O’ER my poor ANNA’s lowly grave
“ No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring,
“ But Angels, as the high pines wave,
“ Their half-heard ‘ MISERERE’ sing!

Story continued.

II.

- “ No flow’rs of transient bloom at eve
“ The maidens on the turf shall strew;
“ Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,
“ SWEETS TO THE SWEET! A LONG ADIEU!”

III.

- “ But in this wilderness profound,
“ O’er her the dove shall build her nest,
“ And ocean swell with softer sound
“ A REQUIEM to her dreams of rest!

IV.

- “ Ah! when shall I as quiet be,
“ When not a friend, or human eye,
“ Shall mark beneath the mossy tree
“ The spot where we forgotten lie.

V.

- “ To kiss her name on the cold stone,
“ Is all that now on earth I crave;
“ For in this world I am alone—
“ Oh lay me with her in the grave.”
“ Robert a Machin, 1344.—*Miserere nobis, Domine.*”

Story continued.

He plac'd the rude inscription on her stone,
Which he with falt'ring hands had grav'd, and soon
Himself beside it sunk—yet ere he died,
Faintly he spoke: “If ever ye shall hear,
“Companions of my few and evil days,
“Again the convent's vesper bells, O think
“Of me; and if in after-times the search
“Of men should reach this far removed spot,
“Let sad remembrance raise an humble shrine,
“And virgin choirs chaunt duly o'er our grave—
“Peace, Peace.” His arm upon the mournful stone
He dropp'd—his eyes, ere yet in death they clos'd,
Turn'd to the name, till he could see no more
“ANNA.” His pale survivors, earth to earth,
Weeping consign'd his poor remains, and plac'd
Beneath the sod where all he lov'd was laid.
Then shaping a rude vessel from the woods,
They sought their country o'er the waves, and left
The scenes again to deepest solitude.
The beauteous Ponciana† hung its head
O'er the grey stone; but never human eye

† Ponciana pulcherrima, the most beautiful plant, a native of Madeira.

Wider Views of Discovery.

Had mark'd the spot, or gaz'd upon the grave
Of the unfortunate, but for the VOICE
Of ENTERPRISE, that spoke, from Sagre's tow'rs,
"Through ocean's perils, storms, and unknown wastes,
"SPEED WE TO ASIA!"

HERE, DISCOVERY, PAUSE,—
Then from the tomb of him who first was cast
Upon this Heav'n-appointed isle, thy gaze
Uplift, and far beyond the Cape of Storms
Pursue Da Gama's tract: Mark the rich shores
Of Madagascar, till the purple East
Shines in luxuriant beauty wide disclos'd.
But cease thy song, presumptuous muse, a bard*
In tones, whose patriot sound shall never die,
Has struck his deep shell, and the glorious theme
Recorded.

Say what lofty meed awaits
The triumph of his victor conch, that swells
Its music on the yellow Tagus' side,
As when Arion with his glitt'ring harp

* Camoens.

Camoens.

And golden hair, scarce sully'd from the main,
Bids all the high rocks listen to his voice
Again. Alas, I see an aged form,
An old man worn by penury, his hair
Blown white upon his haggard cheek, his hand
Emaciated, yet the strings with thrilling touch
Soliciting; but the vain crouds pass by—
His very countrymen, whose fame his song
Has rais'd to Heav'n, in stately apathy
Wrapt up, and nurs'd in pride's fastidious lap,
Regard not. As he plays, a sable man
Looks up, but fears to speak, and when the song
Is ceas'd, kisses his master's feeble hand.
Is that cold wasted hand, that haggard look,
Thine, Camoens! O shame upon the world!
And is there NONE, none to sustain thee found,
But he, himself unfriended, who so far
Has follow'd, sever'd from his native isles,
To scenes of gorgeous cities, o'er the sea,
Thee and thy broken fortunes.

GOD of worlds!

O whilst I hail the triumph and high boast

Camoens' slave, Antonio.—Columbus.

Of social life, let me not wrong the sense
Of kindness, planted in the human heart
By MAN'S GREAT MAKER, therefore I record
ANTONIO's faithful, gentle, generous love
To his heart-broken master, that might teach,
High as it bears itself, a POLISH'D WORLD
MORE CHARITY.

Look Westward, Spirit,* now,—
COLUMBUS' toiling ship is on the deep,
Stemming the mid Atlantic: Waste and wild
The view! On the same sunshine o'er the waves
The murm'ring mariners, with languid eye,
E'en till the heart is sick, gaze day by day!
At midnight in the wind sad voices sound!
When the slow morning o'er the offing dawns,
Heartless they view the same drear wastefulness
Of seas: and when the sun again goes down
Silent, HOPE dies within them, and they think
Of parting friendship's last despairing look!

* Spirit of Discovery.

Variation of the Needle.

See too, dread prodigy, the needle veers
Its trembling point—will Heav'n forsake them too?
But lift thy sunk eye, and thy bloodless look,
Despondence. Milder airs at morning breathe:—
Below the slowly-parting prow the sea
Is dark with weeds; and birds of land are seen
To wing the desert tract, as hasting on
To the green vallies of their distant home.
Yet morn succeeds to morn—and nought around
Is dark, but waves, and the wide hollowness
Of heav'n's high arch streak'd with the early clouds.
Watchman, what from the giddy mast?

A shade

Appears on the horison's hazy line.
“Land—Land!” aloud is echo'd; but the spot
Fades as the shouting crew delighted gaze—
It fades—and there is nothing—nothing now
But the blue sky, and clouds, and surging seas.

As one, who in the desert, faint with thirst,
Upon the trackless and forsaken sands
Sinks dying; him the burning haze deceives,

Light discovered on Shore.

As mocking his last torments, while it seems
To his distemper'd vision, like th' expanse
Of lucid waters cool: So falsely smiles
Th' illusive land, upon the water's edge,
To the long-straining eye, shewing what seems
Its headlands and its distant trending shores;—
But all is false, and like the pensive dream
Of poor imagination, mid the waves
Of troubl'd life, deck'd with unreal hues,
And ending soon in emptiness and tears.

'Tis midnight, and the thoughtful chief, retir'd
From the vex'd crowd, in his still cabin hears
The surge that rolls below; he lifts his eyes,
And casts a silent anxious look without.

"IT IS A LIGHT—GREAT GOD—IT IS A LIGHT!
"It moves upon the shore!—LAND—THERE IS LAND!"

He spoke in secret, and a tear of joy
Stole down his cheek, when on his knees he fell;
THOU, who hast been his guardian in wastes

America.—Reflections.

Of the hoar deep, accept his tears, his pray'rs;
While thus he fondly hopes the purer light
Of thy GREAT TRUTHS on the benighted world
Shall beam.

The ling'ring night is past—the sun
Shines out, while now the red-cross streamers wave
High up the gently-surging bay: From all
Shouts, songs, and rapturous thanksgiving loud,
Burst forth; “ANOTHER WORLD,” entranc'd they cry,
“ANOTHER LIVING WORLD!”—Awe-struck and mute
The gazing natives stand, and drop their spears,
In homage to the Gods!

So from the deep
They hail emerging—sight more awful far
Than ever yet the wond'ring voyager
Greeted,—the prospect of a new-found world,
Now from the night of dark uncertainty
At once reveal'd in living light!

How beats
The heart! What thronging thoughts awake! Whence
sprung

Wider Views of Discovery.

The roaming nations? From that ancient race
That peopl'd Asia—Noah's sons? How, then,
Pass'd they the long and lone expanse between
Of stormy ocean, from the elder earth
Cut off, and lost, for unknown ages, lost
In the vast deep? But whilst the awful view
Stands in thy sight reveal'd, SPIRIT, awake
To PROUDER ENERGIES! E'en now, in thought,
I see thee op'ning bold MAGELLAN's tract!*

The straits are pass'd! THOU, as the seas expand,
Pausest a moment, when beneath thine eye
Blue, vast, and rocking, through its boundless rule,
The long Pacific stretches. Nor here cease
Thy search, but with DE QUIROS† to the South
Still urge thy way, if yet some continent

* Magellan's ship first circumnavigated the globe, passing through the straits, called by his name, into the South-Sea, and proceeding West to the East-Indies. He himself, like our revered Cooke, perished in the enterprise.

† De Quiros first discovered the New Hebrides, in the South-Sea; afterwards explored by Cooke, who bears testimony to the accuracy of De Quiros. These islands were supposed part of a great continent stretching to the South pole, called *Terra Australis incognita*.

Drake's Ship.

Stretch to its dusky pole, with nations spread,
Forests, and hills, and streams.

So be thy search
With ampler views rewarded, till, at length,
Lo the round world is compass'd! Then return
Back to the bosom of the tranquil Thames,
And hail Britannia's victor ship,* that now
From many a storm restor'd, winds its slow way
Silently up the current, and so finds,
Like to a time-worn pilgrim of the world,
REST, in that haven where all tempests cease.

* Drake's ship, in which he sailed round the world; she was laid up at Deptford.—Hence Ben Johnson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, "O Coz, it cannot be altered, go not about it; Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again."

NOTES

TO

THE FOURTH BOOK.



NOTES
TO
THE FOURTH BOOK.

P. 137, L. 1.

Stand on the gleaming Pharos, &c.

THE magnificent and beautiful Pharos, of white marble, esteemed one of the wonders of the world, was erected by Ptolomy Philadelphus, who carried into execution Alexander's original design.

P. 137, L. 6.

Pale Nearchus, &c.

So called, because, after his maritime expedition from the Indus to Euphrates, Nearchus was so worn down by fatigue and anxiety, that he was not known by the soldiers whom Alexander sent to meet him.

P. 138, L. 14.

And still had commerce flow'd, &c.

During the existence of the Grecian empire, and amidst all its revolutions, through a period of eighteen hundred years, to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, a commerce, particularly that of the East-Indies, flowed through the channel which had been traced by the sagacity and foresight of Alexander.—*Robertson.*

P. 140, L. 1.

The wondrous magnet, &c.

The following is a sketch or summary of ‘Churchman’s History and Theory of the Magnet;’ for which I am indebted to my valued friend L. Hudleston, esq; of Shaftesbury:

“The *attractive quality* of the loadstone was known to Orpheus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, Pliny, &c. but not its *polarity*. Du Val says, in his general History of China, that the magnetic needle (and of course its *polarity*) was known *there* 1040 years before CHRIST. Guyot de Provens, a French writer, about the year 1180, speaks of the loadstone and *compass* as *then* used

in navigation; although Dr. Gilbert ascribes the introduction of the invention from China into Italy to Marco Paulo, a Venetian, about the year 1260.

“ When first discovered, the needle was supposed to point due North, till Columbus observed its *variation* from that point in the year 1492.

“ Dr. Halley’s opinion at *first* was, that the whole earth was one great magnet, having four magnetic poles, or points of attraction; two of which coincided nearly with the North and South poles of the globe; and that in parts of the world adjacent to any one of the four poles, the needle is chiefly governed thereby, the nearer predominating over the more remote. But after making observations during two voyages undertaken for the purpose, in the year 1699, he adopted another hypothesis, viz. The external part of the earth is a shell, including a nucleus, or inner globe, (with a fluid medium between) which turns on its axis like our earth, though not exactly in the same time. He also supposes, that the *fixed* poles are those of the earth; and that the other two are the poles of the nucleus, the motion of which he supposes to be Westward.

“Churchman’s theory is, that there are only two magnetic poles; that they are not diametrically opposite to each other, and that the Northern moves faster, and the Southern slower, than the earth; so that the apparent motion of the former is from West to East, and that of the latter the reverse. He also concludes, that there is a relation between the *Aurora Borealis* and the magnetic poles; for when the Northern magnetic pole was last on the same side of the earth with England, the phænomenon of the *Aurora Borealis* was very frequent there for many years. He also conceives that the occasional encroachment of the sea on divers part of the earth, and its receding again within its former bounds, are regulated by the periodical revolutions of the magnetic poles.

“He concludes, by calculating from a *known* change of the variation of the needle in a *certain number of years*, that the periodical revolution of the Northern magnetic pole round the North pole of the earth is performed in about 1096 years, that of the Southern in about 2289 years.”

P. 141, L. II.

Zarco, from the deep, &c.

John Gonzalez Zarco, with Tristan Vaz, both gentlemen of Prince Henry's household, were employed by him to conduct the enterprise of discovery along the Western coast of Africa. They were instructed to double Cape Bojador, and then to steer towards the South. "They, according to the mode of navigation which then prevailed, held their course along the shore; and by following that direction they must have encountered almost insuperable difficulties in attempting to pass Cape Bojador; but fortune came in aid to their want of skill, and prevented the voyage from being altogether fruitless. A sudden squall of wind arose, drove them out to sea, and when they expected every moment to perish, landed them on an unknown island, which, from their happy escape, they named Porto-Santo. In the infancy of navigation the discovery of this small island appeared a matter of such moment, that they instantly returned to Portugal with the good tidings, and were received by Henry with the applause and honour due to fortunate adventurers. This faint dawn of success filled a mind, ardent in the

pursuit of a favourite object, with such sanguine hopes, as were encouragement to proceed. Next year Henry sent out three ships, under the same commanders, to whom he joined Bartholomew Perestretto, in order to take possession of the island which they had discovered. When they began to settle in Porto-Santo, they observed towards the South a fixed spot in the horizon, like a small black cloud; by degrees they were led to conjecture it might be land, and steering towards it they arrived at a considerable island, uninhabited, and covered with wood, which, on that account, they called Madeira.”

P. I43. L. 5.

The cloudy spectre tow'rs, &c.

Respecting the darkness, the interesting account from Alcaforado, in Astley's Collection of Voyages, is as follows:—"Gonzalvo, in his way, touched at Porto-Santo, where there went a current report among the Portuguese, (left there by him two years before) that to the North-East of the island a thick impenetrable darkness constantly hung upon the sea, and extended itself upwards towards the heavens; that it never di-

minated, but seemed to be guarded by a strange noise, (proceeding from some natural cause) which was sometimes heard at Porto-Santo: and because at that time they durst not sail far from land, for want of the astrolabe, and other instruments invented since, it was judged impossible, without a miracle, to return from thence, after having lost sight of it. In consequence of this ignorance in navigation it was called by some an abyss, or bottomless gulph; and by others the mouth of hell, from the opinion of certain simple timorous divines; and the historians, who pretended to be more learned, absolutely pronounced it to be the ancient island of Cipango, kept by Providence under this mysterious veil, whither they believed the Spanish and Portuguese bishops, and other Christians, had retired from the slavery and oppression of the Moors and Saracens; that it was a great crime to dive into this secret, since it had not pleased God to reveal it by the signs which ought to precede the discovery, and are mentioned by the ancient prophets, who speak of this wonder. Gonzalvo, however, had a short and prosperous voyage to Porto-Santo, from whence he, as well as the islanders, observed this dreadful shade; which, however, John de Morales, at first sight, judged to be a sure sign of

the land they were in search of. Notwithstanding this, upon a full consultation, it was agreed they should stay here till the change of moon, to see what effect that would have upon the shade; when, perceiving no alteration any way in it, the general panic seized the adventurers also, and the whole design had dropped here, had not the pilot De Morales stood firm in his opinion; insisting, that according to the information he had from the English, and the course they held, the hidden land could not be far off. He supported what he said, by observing to Gonzalvo, that the ground there being continually shaded from lofty thick trees, there exhaled from it a thick moisture, which, rising in vapours, spread itself through the sky; from whence proceeded the dark cloud they saw, and were so much afraid of. After much contest, at last these reasons swaying with the captain, who had more resolution than the rest, he put to sea one morning, without communicating his design to any body but John de Morales. That he might have daylight to make a full discovery, he crouded all his sails, and turned the ship's head directly facing the dark cloud. The boldness of Gonzalvo did but serve to increase the fear of the rest; for the more they advanced, the

more high and thick the gloom appeared; insomuch that at last it grew very horrible to behold. At noon they heard the roaring of the sea, which filled the whole horizon. This new-imagined danger made them all cry out, intreating the captain instantly to change his course, and save their lives. Hereupon he made them a speech, composed of solid arguments, which quite removed their fears, and reconciled them to his measures. The weather being calm, and the sea very rapid, Gonzalvo caused his ship to be towed by two shallops along the cloud. The noise of the sea served them for a mark which they approached or retired from, according as it was more or less loud. By degrees the cloud appeared less, and became not so thick on the East side, but the waves still rolled frightfully, when they at length perceived through the gloom something blacker than it, though, being at too great a distance, they could not see it distinctly; however some affirmed they saw giants of a prodigious size, which afterwards they found to be the rocks wherewith the shores were covered. The sea already appeared more clear, and the waves abated, a sure sign of their being near land; which soon after, to their great joy, they plainly discerned, when they least expected it. The first thing

that appeared was a little point, to which Gonzalvo then gave the name of St. Laurence's point; doubling this, they found to the Southward rising land, which the cloud then vanishing left open to the view a great way up the mountain."

P. 138, L. 14.

"*ROBERT A MACHIN.*"

The following is the romantic story of Machin, extracted from *Alcafarado*, from which I have taken the poet's liberty, in a few instances, to depart.

" In the reign of Edward III. of England, one Robert Machin, falling in love with a beautiful young lady, of a noble family; and making his addresses to her, soon won her affections. Her parents, not brooking the thoughts of an inferior alliance, produced a warrant from the king, and kept Robert in custody until they had married the lady to a certain nobleman, who, as soon as the ceremony was over, took the bride with him to his seat at Bristol.

" Thus all being secured, as they thought, Machin easily obtained a discharge from his confinement; but

stung with a high sense of the injury, and at the same time spurred on by love, he engaged some of his friends to assist him, and carried them down after the new-married couple. One of them he got introduced into the family, in the capacity of a groom, and by his means acquainted the lady with his design, and the measures he proposed to take; to all which she yielded a ready compliance.

“ When all things were prepared, she rode out on the day appointed, under pretence of airing, attended only by her groom, who brought her to the sea-side, when she was handed into a boat, and carried into a vessel that lay ready for the purpose. As soon as Machin had got his treasure on board, he, with his associates, immediately set sail, to get out of pursuit, intending for France; but being ignorant of the sea, and the wind blowing hard, they missed their port, and the next morning found themselves in the middle of the ocean. In this miserable condition they were tossed about at the mercy of the waves, without a pilot, for thirteen days; at the end of which they chanced at day-break to descry something very near them, that looked like land, which, as the sun rose, they

could distinctly discern to be such, being covered with trees. They were no less surprised with several unknown birds, that came off land, and perched upon the masts and rigging, without the least sign of fear.

“ As soon as they could get the boat out, some of them went to search the coast, who, returning with a good report of the place, though uninhabited, it was not long before our adventurer, attended by his best friends, carried his mistress on shore, leaving the rest to take care of the ship. The country, upon their landing, appeared agreeably diversified with hills and vallies; the first thickly shaded with a variety of unknown trees, the latter enriched with cooling rivulets of fresh water. Several wild beasts came about them, without offering them any violence. Thus encouraged, they marched further into the land, and presently came to an opening, encircled with a border of laurels, watered by a small rivulet, which, in a very fine bed of sand, ran through it from the mountains. Here, also, upon an eminence, they found a most beautiful tree, whose shade inviting them they concluded to take up their abode for a while at least, and accordingly, with boughs, built themselves huts. In this place they passed

their time very agreeably, making further discoveries of the country, and admiring its productions; but their happiness was of short duration, for three days after it blew a storm, at North-East, which, driving the ship from her anchor, threw her upon the coast of Morocco, where suffering shipwreck, all the company were taken as slaves by the Moors, and sent to prison.

“Next morning those on land missing the ship, concluded she had foundered. This new calamity drove them all to despair, and so much affected the lady, that she did not long survive it; the ill success of their first setting out had sunk her spirits, and she continually fed her grief by sad presages of the enterprise ending in some tragical catastrophe. But the shock of this last disaster struck her dumb, and she expired three days after.

“This loss was too great for her lover to survive; he died within five days, notwithstanding all his companions could do to comfort him; begging them at his death to place his body in the same grave with her, at the foot of an altar they had erected under the beautiful lofty tree above-mentioned. They afterwards set a large wooden cross upon it, and near that an inscrip-

tion by Robert himself, which contained a succinct account of this whole adventure, and concluded with a prayer to Christians, if they should come there to settle, to build a church in that place to JESUS the SAVIOUR.

“ Thus deprived of their leader, the rest immediately prepared to depart, and fitting out the boat, set sail, intending for England; but happening to take the same route their companions had been forced upon unfortunately arrived on the same coast, and accordingly met with the like fate, being carried to the same prison.”

P. 140, L. 1.

Antonio's honest gentle love, &c.

As a contrast to the character of the ignorant and haughty grandee of Portugal, who suffered Camoens to starve, it is with pride an Englishman reflects, that the fairest monument to the memory of the unfortunate bard has been raised by a British nobleman. I need not say, I mean the amiable and accomplished Lord Strangford, whose beautiful translation of Camoens' smaller poems evince congenial delicacy of sentiment, command of language, and purity of taste. From his preface I extract the interesting account of Antonio:

“ One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave, with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camoens to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian! But his friendship was employed in vain; Camoens sunk beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house early in the year 1579. He was buried in the church of St. Anne of the Franciscans. Over his grave Goncalo Coutinho placed the following inscription, which, for comprehensive simplicity, the translator ventures to prefer to almost any production of a similar kind:

“ HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMOENS,
HE EXCELLED ALL THE POETS OF HIS AGE.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE;
AND HE DIED SO.
MDLXXIX.”

P. 143. L. 5.

The needle veers, &c.

“ When he had sailed fifty leagues further Westward, on the 13th of December he found at night-fall the needle varied half a point toward the North-East, and at day-break half a point more; by which he understood that the needle did not point at the North star, but at some other fixed and visible point.” This variation no man had observed before, and therefore he had occasion to be surprised at it, &c.

Description of Discovery of the West-Indies.

P. 141, L. 11.

Thy great truths, &c.

I trust I need not make any apology for occasionally varying, for the sake of poetical effect, from the strict historical account. Columbus sees the light at ten o'clock at night, and calls two persons into the cabin to witness it. The reflection concerning the light of religious truth was his own. Alas! how little his bloody followers seemed to have considered this. The following is the literal account:

“About ten o’clock at night, as the Admiral was in the great cabin, he saw a light on shore, but said it was so blind he could not affirm it to be land; though he called up one Peter Gutierres, and bid him observe whether he saw the same light? Who said he did. But presently after they called one Roderick Sanches, of Segoria, to look that way, but he could not see it; nor did they see it afterwards above once or twice, which made them judge it might be a candle or torch belonging to some fisherman or traveller, &c.

“Being now very much upon their guard, they still held on, till two in the morning, the Pinta being far a-head gave signal of the land, which was first discovered by a sailor, whose name was Roderick de Triana, two leagues from shore: but the reward was given to the Admiral, who first saw the *light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light he was then spreading in those dark regions.*”

Account of the West-Indies.

The first part of the history is a general account of the state of the country at the beginning of the reign of Henry the First. It describes the condition of the kingdom, the state of the church, and the character of the people. It also mentions the various wars and battles which took place during the reign of Henry the First, and the success which attended his arms.

The second part of the history is a more particular account of the reign of Henry the First. It describes the various events which took place during his reign, and the success which attended his arms. It also mentions the various wars and battles which took place during the reign of Henry the First, and the success which attended his arms.

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BOOK THE FIFTH.



SPIRIT
OF
DISCOVERY BY SEA:

Some of the Evils touched on.

SUCH are thy views, DISCOVERY! The great world
Rolls to thine eye reveal'd; TO THEE the Deep
Submits its awful empire; Industry
Awakes, and Commerce to the echoing marts
From East to West unweary'd pours her wealth.
MAN walks sublimer; and Humanity,
Matur'd by social intercourse, more high,
More animated, lifts her sov'reign mien,
And waves her golden sceptre. Yet the heart
Asks trembling, is no evil found? O turn,

Slave Trade—Buccaneer.

Meek Charity, and drop a human tear
For the sad fate of Afric's injur'd sons,
And hide, for ever hide, the sight of chains,
Anguish, and bondage! Yes, the heart of man
Is sick, and Charity turns pale, to think
How soon, for pure religion's holy beam,
Dark crimes, that sully'd the sweet day, pursu'd,
Like vultures, the DISCOV'ERER's ocean tract,
"Screaming for blood," to fields of rich Peru,
Or ravag'd Mexico, while "GOLD, MORE GOLD!"
The cavern'd mountains echo'd "GOLD, MORE GOLD!"

Then see the fell-ey'd prowling buccaneer,
Grim as a libbard! He his jealous look
Turns to the dagger at his belt, his hand
By instinct grasps a bloody scymitar,
And ghastly is his smile, as o'er the woods
He sees the smoke of burning villages
Ascend, and thinks e'en now he counts his spoil.

See thousands destin'd to the lurid mine,
Never to see the sun again; all names
Of husband, sire—all tender charities

Mine—Shipwrecked Mariner.

Of life, deep bury'd with them in that grave,
Where life is as a thing long pass'd; and hope,
To move its sickly ray, to cheer the gloom,
Extends.

Thou, too, DREAD OCEAN, toss thy arms,
Exulting, for the treasures and the gems
That thy dark oozy realm emblaze; and call
The pale procession of the DEAD, from caves
Where late their bodies welter'd, to attend
Thy kingly sceptre, and proclaim thy might,
Lord of the hurricane! Bid all thy winds
Swell, and destruction ride upon the surge,
Where, after the red lightning flash that shews
The lab'ring ship, all is at once deep night
And long suspense, till the slow dawn of day
Gleams on the scatter'd corpses of the dead,
That strew the sounding shore!

Then think of him,
Ye who rejoice with those you love, at eve,
When winds of winter shake the window-frame,
And more endear your fire—O think of him,

Sufferers in Greenland.

Who, sav'd alone from the devastating storm,
Is cast on some deserted rock, who sees
Sun after sun descend, and hopeless hears
At morn the long surge of the troubl'd main,
That beats without his wretched cave, meantime
He fears to wake the echoes with his voice,
So dread the solitude!

Let Greenland's snows
Then shine, and mark the melancholy train
There left to perish, whilst the cold pale day
Declines along the farther ice, that binds
The ship, and leaves in night the sinking scene.
Sad winter closes on the deep; the smoke
Of frost, that late amusive to the eye
Rose o'er the coast, is pass'd, and all is now
One torpid blank: the freezing particles
Blown blist'ring, and the white bear seeks her cave.
ILL-FATED OUTCASTS, when the morn again
Shall streak with feeble beam the frozen waste,
Your air-bleach'd and unbury'd carcasses
Shall press the ground, and, as the stars fade off,
Your stony eyes glare mid the desert snows!

The Fate of the unfortunate

These triumphs boast, fell DÆMON OF THE DEEP!*

Though never more the universal shriek
Of ALL THAT PERISH thou shalt hear, as when
The deep foundations of the guilty earth
Were shaken at the voice of GOD, and man
Ceas'd in his habitations; yet the SEA
Thy might tempestuous still, and joyless rule,
Confesses. Ah! what bloodless shadows throng
When now, slow rising from their oozy beds,
From Mete,† and “those gates of burial”
That guard the Erythrean; from the vast
Unfathom'd caverns of the Western main
Or stormy Orcades; whilst the sad shell
Of poor Arion,‡ to the hollow blast,
Now seems to pour its melancholy tones,
And faintly vibrate, as the DEAD pass by.

* See First Book.

† Mete, in the Arabic, according to Bruce, signifies “the place of burial.”
The entrance of the Red-Sea was so called, from the dangers of the navigation. See Bruce.

‡ Alluding to the pathetic poem of the Shipwreck, whose author, Malconer, described himself under the name of Arion, and who was afterwards lost in the Aurora.

Peyrouse.—Cook.

I see the CHIEFS, who fell in distant lands,
The prey of murderous savages, when yells,
And shouts, and conchs, resounded thro' the woods.

Magellan and De Solis seem to lead
The mournful train: Shade of Peyrouse, O say,
Where, in the tract of unknown seas, thy bones
The insulting surge has swept?

But who is he,
Whose look, tho' pale and bloody, wears the trace
Of pure philanthropy? The pitying sigh
Forbid not; he was DEAR to Britons, DEAR
To ev'ry beating heart, far as the world
Extends; and my faint falt'ring touch e'en now
Dies on the strings, when I pronounce thy name,
O LOST, LAMENTED, GEN'ROUS, HAPLESS COOK!

But cease the vain complaint; turn from the shores
Wet with his blood, Remembrance: cast thy eyes
Upon the long seas, and the wider world,
Display'd from his research. Smile, glowing Health,
For now no more the wasted seaman sinks,
With haggard eye and feeble frame diseas'd;

Sea-Scurvy, cured.

No more with tortur'd longings for the sight
Of fields and hillocks green, madly he calls
On Nature, when before his swimming eye
The liquid long expanse of cheerless seas
Seems all one flow'ry plain.* Then frantic dreams
Arise; his eye's distemper'd flash is seen
From the sunk socket, as a dæmon there
Sat mocking, till he plunges in the flood,
And the dark wave goes o'er him.

Nor wilt thou,

O Science, fail to deck the cold MORAI†
Of him who wider o'er earth's hemisphere
Thy views extended. On, from deep to deep,
Thou shalt retrace the windings of his tract;
From the high North to where the field-ice binds
The still Antarctic: Thence, from isle to isle,
Thou shalt pursue his progress; and explore
NEW-HOLLAND's eastern shores,§ where now the sons
Of distant Britain, from her lap cast out,
Water the ground with tears of penitence,

* See Cooper's description of the Calenture.

† "Morai" is a grave.

§ Botany-Bay.

Botany-Bay.

Perhaps, hereafter, in their destin'd time,
Themselves to rise pre-eminent. Now speed,
By ASIA's eastern bounds, still to the North,
Where the vast continents of either world
APPROACH:§ Beyond, 'tis silent boundless ice,
Impenetrable barrier, where all thought
Is lost; where never yet the eagle flew,
Nor roam'd so far the white-bear through the waste.

But thou, DREAD POWER, whose voice from chaos call'd
The earth, who bad'st the Lord of light go forth,
E'en as a giant, and the sounding seas
Roll at thy FIAT: may the dark deep clouds,
That thy pavilion shroud from mortal sight,
So pass away, as now the mystery,
Obscure thro' rolling ages, is disclos'd;
How MAN, from one great FATHER sprung, his race
Spread to that sever'd CONTINENT!* Ev'n so,
FATHER, in thy good time, shall all things stand
Reveal'd to knowledge.

* America.

§ The continents of Asia and America approach so near, that the peopling of America may be easily accounted for, across the straits of Anian.

Recapitulation.

As the mind revolves

The change of mighty empires, and the Fate
Of HIM, whom Thou hast made, back through the dusk
Of ages, contemplation turns her view :
We mark, as from its infancy, the world
Peopl'd again, from that mysterious shrine
That rested on the top of Ararat,
Highest of Asian mountains ; spreading on,
The Cuthites from their mountain caves descend—
Then before GOD the sons of Ammon stood
In their gigantic might, and first the seas
Vanquish'd: But still from clime to clime the groan
Of sacrifice, and superstition's cry,
Was heard; but when the Day-Spring rose of Heav'n,
Greece's hoar forests echo'd "THE GREAT PAN
"IS DEAD." From Ægypt and the rugged shores
Of Syrian Tyre, the Gods of Darkness fly;
BEL is cast down, and NEBO, horrid king,
Bows in imperial Babylon: But ah!
Too soon, the Star of Bethlehem, whose ray
The host of Heav'n hail'd jubilant, and sung
"GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, AND ON EARTH PEACE,"
With long eclipse is veil'd.

Red Papacy

Usurp'd the meek dominion of the Lord
Of love and charity: vast as a fiend
She rose, Heav'n's light was darken'd with her frown,
And the earth murmur'd back her hymns of blood,
As the meek martyr at the burning stake
Stood, his last look uplifted to his GOD!
But she is now cast down, her empire reft.
They who in darkness walk'd, and in the shade
Of death, have seen a new and holy light.
As in the umbrageous forest, through whose boughs,
Mossy and damp, for many a league, the morn
With languid beam scarce pierces, here and there
Touching some solitary trunk, the rest
Dark waving in the noxious atmosphere;
Through the thick-matted leaves the serpent winds
His way, to find a spot of casual sun;—
The gaunt hyænas thro' the thickets glide
At eve: Then, too, the couched tiger's eye
Flames in the dusk, and oft the gnashing jaws
Of the fell crocodile are heard. At length,
By man's superior energy and toil,
The sunless brakes are clear'd; the joyous morn

Advantages of Culture.

Shines through the op'ning leaves; rich culture smiles
Around; and howling to their distant wilds
The savage inmates of the wood retire.
Such is the scene of human life, till want,
Bids Man his strength put forth; then slowly spreads
The cultur'd stream of mild humanity,
And gentler virtues, and more noble aims
Employ the active mind, till beauty beams
Around, and nature wears her richest robe,
Adorned with lovelier graces. Then the charms
Of Woman, fairest of the works of heav'n,
Whom the cold savage, in his sullen pride,
Scorn'd, as unworthy of his equal love,
With more attractive influence wins the heart
Of her protector: Then the names of sire,
Of home, of brother, and of children, grow
More sacred, more endearing; whilst the eye,
Lifted beyond this earthly scene, beholds
A FATHER who looks down from heav'n ON ALL!

O BRITAIN, my lov'd country, dost thou rise
Most high among the nations? Do thy fleets
Ride o'er the surge of ocean, that subdu'd

Britain; Agriculture as well as Commerce.

Rolls in long sweep beneath them? Dost thou wear
Thy garb of gentler morals gracefully?
Is widest science thine, and the fair train
Of lovelier arts? While commerce throngs thy ports
With her ten thousand streamers, is the tract
Of the undeviating ploughshare white,
That rips the reeking furrow, follow'd soon
With plenty, bidding all the scene rejoice,
E'en like a cultur'd garden? Do the streams
That steal along thy peaceful vales, reflect
Temples, and Attic domes, and village tow'rs?
Is beauty thine, fairest of earthly things,
Woman; and doth she gain that liberal love
And homage, which the meekness of her voice,
The rapture of her smile, commanding most
When she seems weakest, must demand from him,
Her master; whose stern strength at once submits
In manly, but endearing, confidence,
Unlike his selfish tyranny who sits
The Sultan of his Haram?

O then think

How great the blessing, and how high thy rank
Amid the civiliz'd and social world!

Expostulation.

But hast thou no deep failings, that might turn
Thy thoughts within thyself? Ask, for the sun
That shines in heav'n hath seen it, hath thy power
Ne'er scatter'd sorrow over distant lands?
Ask of the East, have never thy proud sails
Borne plunder from dismember'd provinces,
Leaving "the groans of miserable men"
Behind! And free thyself, and lifting high
The charter of thy freedom, bought with blood,
Hast thou not stood, in patient apathy,
A witness of the tortures and the chains
That Afric's injur'd sons have known? Stand up—
Yes, thou hast visited the caves, and cheer'd
The gloomy haunts of sorrow; thou hast shed
A beam of comfort and of righteousness
On isles remote; hast bid the bread-fruit shade
The Hesperian regions, and has soften'd much
With bland amelioration, and with charms
Of social sweetness, the hard lot of man.
But weigh'd in truth's firm balance, ask, if all
Be even: Do not crimes of ranker growth
Batten amid thy cities, whose loud din,
From flashing and contending cars, ascends,

Evils consequent on Luxury.

Till morn? Enchanting, as if aught so sweet
Ne'er faded, do thy daughters wear the weeds
Of calm domestic peace and wedded love;
Or turn, with beautiful disdain, to dash
Gay Pleasure's poison'd chalice from their lips
Untasted? Hath not sullen atheism,
Weaving gay flow'rs of poesy,† so sought
To hide the darkness of his wither'd brow
With faded and fantastic gallantry
Of roses, thus to win the thoughtless smile
Of youthful ignorance? Hast thou with awe
Look'd up to Him whose pow'r is in the clouds,
Who bids the storm rush, and it sweeps to earth
The nations that offend, and they are gone,
Like Tyre and Babylon? WELL WEIGH THYSELF—
Then shalt thou rise undaunted in the might
Of thy PROTECTOR, and the gather'd hate
Of hostile bands shall be but as the sand
Blown on the everlasting pyramid.

Hasten, O Love and Charity, your work,
E'en now whilst it is day; far as the world

† See the "Temple of Nature," Loves of the Plants.

Superstition, &c. still exult in the East.

Extends, may your divinest influence
Be felt, and more than felt, to teach mankind
They all are brothers, and to drown the cries
Of superstition, anarchy, or blood.
Not yet the hour is come: on Ganges' banks
Still Superstition hails the flame of death.
Behold, gay dress'd, as in her bridal tyre,
The self-devoted beauteous victim, slow
Ascend the pile where her dead husband lies:
She kisses his cold cheeks, inclines her breast
On his, and lights herself the fatal pile
That shall consume them both!

On Ægypt's shore,
Where science rose, now SLOTH and IGNORANCE
Sleep like the huge Behemoth in the sun!
The turbann'd Moor still stains with stranger's blood
The inmost sands of Afric. But all these
The light shall visit, and that vaster tract
From Fuego to the farthest Labrador,†
Where roam the outcast Esquimaux, shall hear

† America.

Prevalence of religious Knowledge and Happiness,

The voice of social fellowship; the chief,
Whose hatchet flash'd amid the forest gloom,
Who to his infants bore the bleeding scalp
Of his fall'n foe, shall weep unwonted tears!

Come, Faith; come, Hope; come, meek-ey'd Charity;
Complete the lovely prospect: every land
Shall lift up one Hosannah;* every tongue
Proclaim thee FATHER, INFINITE, and WISE,
And GOOD. The shores of palmy SENEGAL,
(Sad Afric's injur'd sons no more enslav'd)
Shall answer "HALLELUJAH," for the LORD
Of truth and mercy reigns—reigns KING of Kings—
HOSANNAH—KING of Kings—and LORD of Lords!

So may his kingdom come, when all the earth,
Uniting thus as in one hymn of praise,
Shall wait the end of all things. This great globe,
His awful plan accomplish'd, then shall sink

* See Cowper's truly-sublime strain on this subject:—
"Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round."

till the Scene of human Things is closed.

In flames, whilst through the clouds, that wrap the place
Where it had roll'd, and the sun shone, the voice
Of the ARCHANGEL, and the TRUMP of GOD,
Amid Heav'n's darkness rolling fast away,
Shall sound!

Then shall the SEA give up its DEAD;—
But man's immortal mind, all trials past
That shook his feverish frame, amidst the scenes
Of peril and distemper, shall ascend
Exulting to its destin'd seat of rest,
And “justify his ways,” from whom it sprung.

FINIS.

NOTES
TO
THE FIFTH BOOK.

ESTABLISHED

1861

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NOTES
TO
THE FIFTH BOOK.

P. 190. L. 12.

. *Buccaneer.*

SEE the account of the cruelties and depredations of the "Free-booters" (as they were called) on the western coast of America.

P. 190. L. 19.

. *Lurid mine.*

Forty or fifty thousand slaves are annually imported from Africa, to work in the mines of Brazil.

P. 192. L. 2.

"*Is left on some deserted rock,*" &c.

See the account of four sailors left on the coast of South-America, in Byron's Narrative. We are par-

ticularly struck with the circumstance of their *cheering* their late companions, (from whom they were parted, never to meet in this world) as they slowly passed along the mountains of the inhospitable coast, such an immense distance from their country, and without hopes of meeting ever again the habitations of civilized man.

“ Having lost the yawl, and being too many for the barge to carry off, we were compelled to leave *four of our men* behind. They were all marines, who seemed to have no great objection to the determination made with regard to them, so exceedingly worn-out and disheartened were they with the distresses and dangers they had already gone through. And, indeed, I believe, it would be a matter of indifference to the greatest part of the rest, whether they should embark or take their chance. The captain distributed to these poor fellows, arms, ammunition, and some other necessities. When we parted, they stood upon the beach, *giving us three cheers, and crying out, God bless the King.*

“ We saw them a little after setting out upon their *forlorn hope*, and helping one another over a hideous tract of rocks : but considering the difficulties attend-

ing this only way of travelling left them; for the woods are impracticable, from their thickness, and the deep swamps every where to be met in them; considering too, that the coast here is rendered so inhospitable, by the heavy seas that are constantly tumbling upon it, as not to afford a *little shell-fish*; it is probable they all met with a miserable end!"—*Byron's Narrative*.

There is another striking sketch in *Hearne's Journal*: "When the spring advanced, the Esquemaux went to the continent; on their visiting Marble Island again, in the summer of 1722, they only found five of the English alive, the remains of a crew ship-wrecked there two years before, under Mr. Knight, aged 80: three died in a few days, and the other two, though very weak, made shift to bury them. The *two* survived *many days after the rest*, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the South and East, as if in expectation of some vessel coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together, and wept bitterly. At length one of the two died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also in at-

tempting to dig a grave for his companion.”—*Introduction to Hearne’s Journal from Hudson’s-Bay.*

“ P.S. The skulls, and other large bones, of these two men, are now lying above-ground close to the house.”
Hearne, 1769.

P. 192. L. 8.

. . . . *Greenland snows.*

In Churchill’s collection of voyages there is a most affecting narrative of the men who were left to perish in Greenland. I should wish to quote part of it, as the book is in few hands, but have it not by me. I would particularly point out some simple and touching verses left by one of the men, relating their melancholy fate.

P. 194. L. 5.

. *Peyrouse.*

A circumstance has been lately related in the papers of one of the Astronomers who went out with Peyrouse, having been found on an island, where he had dragged on a miserable and solitary existence for *nine years.*

P. 194. L. 15.

. *Cook.*

The mournful fate of this great and self-instructed navigator; the numerous advantages resulting from his extensive surveys; the accessions to knowledge; and the alleviations of the hardships of a sea-life, derived from his humanity and care; are too well known to be enlarged on.

P. 196. L. 4.

. . . . *Straits of either world.*

The proximity of the great continents Asia and America to each other was long problematical. Salmon *acutely* observes, "that some *merry* map-makers have so placed them." But it happens the *merry* map-makers were right, and the sage Salmon in the wrong. Mr. Coxe, in his valuable account of the Russian discoveries, informs us, that "the first project for making discoveries in that tempestuous sea, which lies between Kamschatka and America, was conceived and planned by Peter I." The survey was completed by Cook, Clerke, and King.

P. 196. L. 17.

*How man, from one great Father sprung, his race
Spread to that sever'd continent !*

Every accession of knowledge from the East, and from the West, tends to confirm the Mosaic history. The Gentoo account of the deluge has been seen in book 3d. The tradition of the Chapewyans, a numerous tribe on the north-west coast of America, respecting the origin of the world, and the remote country from whence they came, is too singular to be omitted:—

“ They believe, that at first the globe was one *vast and entire ocean*, inhabited by no living creature except a mighty Bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings were thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly rose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth, &c.

“ They have also a tradition among them, that they originally came from *another country*, inhabited by

very wicked people, and had traversed a *great lake*, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they suffered great misery, it being always *winter*, with *ice and deep snow*. They believe, likewise, that in ancient times, their ancestors *lived* till their feet were worn out with *walking*, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge, when the waters spread over the *whole earth*, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves.”—*Mackenzie’s Voyage from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*, page 118.

The most careless reader cannot but be struck with the resemblance in this singular narrative to the Mosaic history. It evidently conveys an idea of the creation, preservation, and dispersion of man.

P. 198. L. I.

. *Red Papacy.*

I trust this expression will not give offence to any liberal-minded Catholic, many of whom I know, and whose private characters I respect. They will lament, with me, the many unjust and merciless outrages which

have taken place under the horrid banners of the Inquisition, inscribed with the profaned words,

JUSTICE AND MERCY!

P. 203. L. 8.

. *Self-devoted victim.*

This horrid custom, which is so shocking to the imagination, it is hoped, will at last give way, as the blessings of wider knowledge, and of Divine Truth, are extended over the East.

END OF NOTES TO BOOK THE FIFTH.

SMALLER SEA-PIECES,

AND

Epitaphs.

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,

BY HER

OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE
BELLS OF OSTEND.

BEAUTIFUL MORNING, AFTER A STORM.

NO, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the Bells of Ostend!
The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,
And rung as it pass'd, through each murm'ring shroud: *
My forehead was wet with the spume of the spray,
My heart sigh'd in secret for those far away;
When slowly the morning advanc'd from the East,
The toil and the noise of the tempest was ceas'd;
The peal, from a land I ne'er saw, seem'd to say,
"Let the Stranger forget every sorrow to-day;"
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the Bells of Ostend.

* Shrouds are the ropes of the mast.

II.

Yet the short-liv'd emotion was mingl'd with pain—
I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;
I thought of the kiss, the last kiss, which I gave,
And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave.
I thought of the schemes fond affection had plann'd,
Of the trees, of the tow'rs, of my own native land——

* * * * *

But still the sweet sounds, as they swell'd to the air,
Seem'd tidings of pleasure, though mournful, to bear;
And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,
Can forget the sweet sound of the BELLS of OSTEND!

STORMY EVENING AT WEYMOUTH,

ON HEARING THE MISSES THOMSON, OF PORTMAN-SQUARE,
SING PERGOLESI'S CELEBRATED "PAX, PAX."

AS I roam, hoary Ocean, alone on thy side,
And hear, swelling-hollow, the dash of the tide;
I think, when my heart is with sadness opprest,
'Tis the DIRGE OF THE DEAD in thy caverns that rest!

II.

But when ev'ning has clos'd on the turbulent din,
And the song of sweet harmony echoes within;
Ev'ry thought is shut out, but of tender delight,
Like the roar of thy billows that rock to the night!

III.

O HAPPY, if thus, when each tumult was past,
Ev'ry passion unfelt, as unheard blows the blast;
The heart in the mansion of love might be blest,
While PEACE with such melodies sung it to rest!

THE LAPLANDER'S SONG.

SCENE—THE NORTH-SEA.

'TIS now mid winter's reign,
O'er the unmoving main,
The ice is stretch'd in dead expanse,
Above, the meteors dance,
Whilst o'er the star-light hills afar,
The rapid rein-deer whirls the shadowy car.

SONG.

" No sound is heard over the plain,
" Yet a light, that is softer than morn,
" Sits still on the tract of the main,
" And decks the cold ice-hills forlorn :
" O'er the snow, through the forests, in silence I ride,
" And mark the swift shadow that flits by my side.

II.

- “ Yet fleeter and fleeter speed on, my rein-deer,
“ Till we rest in the juniper grove;
“ My whistle no more on the hills thou shalt hear,
“ But in freedom shalt go,
“ O’er the rocks and the snow,
“ Or at home be cared by my love.
- “ I sigh, as forlorn o’er the mountains I stray,
“ O when shall I gaze on her charms?
“ The long summer’s day
“ Shall speed happy away,
“ And then, when the stars of the winter shine clear,
“ She shall wake, and the pines, as they murmur, shall
“ hear,
“ And again hide her head in my arms!”

[I fear there is not much *nature* in this, considering the general character of the Laplanders; but I must leave it to the indulgence of the reader. He will however recollect the beautiful ballad so excellently translated by Conset:—

- “ The snows are dissolving on Torne’s rude side,
“ And the ice, O Lullea, rolls down thy dark tide;
“ Thy dark stream, Lullea, flows freely away,
“ And the snow-drop unfolds its pale beauties to day.

The wholesong is as delicate in sentiment, as it is striking in poetical beauty.]

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,

ON THE CITADEL AT PLYMOUTH, RETURNING, AS THE SHIP,
IN WHICH HER HUSBAND SAILED, DISAPPEARED.

“ I See the dim sail no more—

“ It is pass’d like the track of the wind;

“ And THOU mayst’t forget, on some far-sever’d shore,

“ The friend thou hast left behind.

“ But every warm blessing my soul can bestow,

“ Go with thee wide over the main;

“ And mayst’t thou—oh never—my wretchedness know,

“ Till we meet—meet in transport—again!

II.

“ Thy voice—now I hear it no more—

“ That spoke so endearing and kind;

“ I hear but the sound of the surges that roar,

“ And the sea-bird that cries in the wind:

“ And cold hangs the ev’ning, the rack hurries fast,

“ And wet is my hair with the rain;

“ O how many a night shall be heavily past,

“ Ere I rest on thy bosom again!

III.

- “ When darkness descends on the sea,
“ Will THOU to thy cabin retire,
“ And think with a tear of affection on me,
“ And my desolate evening fire?
“ How mournful, alas, will that evening low’r!
“ I shall watch, as it falls, the cold rain;
“ And count ev’ry night, ev’ry morn, ev’ry hour,
“ Till I rest on thy bosom again.”
- 2

LINES ON FALCONER.

WRITTEN FOR CLARKE'S ELEGANT EDITION OF FALCONER'S
EXQUISITE POEM, "THE SHIPWRECK."

WHAT pale and bleeding YOUTH (while the fell blast
Howls o'er the wreck, and fainter sinks the cry
Of struggling wretches, ere o'erwhelm'd they die)
Yet floats upborne upon the driving mast?*

O poor ARION, has thy sweetest strain,
That charm'd old ocean's wildest solitude,
At this dread hour his darksome might subdu'd?

Let SEA-MAIDS thy reclining head sustain;
And wipe the blood, and briny drops, that soil
Thy looks, and give once more thy wreathed shell
To ring with melody:—Oh fruitless toil!

Hark! o'er thy head again the tempests swell;
Hark! hark! again the storm's black dæmons yell
More loud; the billowing deep reclaims his spoil!†
PEACE! PEACE! and weeping SEA-MAIDS sing thy knell!

* "Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
"That now above the ridges reach'd the shore."—*Shipwreck*, b. iii.

† Falconer was shipwrecked first in the *Britannia*, and afterwards
lost in the *Aurora*.

STOKE'S-BAY.

APRIL, 1803.*

AS light upon the sea the wherry goes,
 Nor flitting bird, nor murmurs from the shore,
 Nor waters, parted by the whisp'ring oar,
 Have power to break the spell, or discompose
 The rapt and quiet spirit! When my heart
 Oft throbs with sad remembrance, thus I love
 To lose a silent hour : the clouds depart,
 One after one, of shadowy thoughts, nor move
 A sigh, or move unfelt : then every cross
 Of upland life, and every heartfelt loss

* The Author at the time slowly recovering from a severe illness : and he cannot omit this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to Mr. James Nooth, of Bath ; and to his brother Dr. Henry Bowles, physician on the staff to the military hospital at Forton, near Gosport.

No more the mind with dark suffusion blot,
But, like the clouds of the aërial haze,
Silent and soft, and fading as we gaze,
Stray o'er the spirit, and disturb it not!
So, scarcely felt, the cares of life subside!
But prouder feelings swell the PATRIOT's heart,
And tears of conscious animation start,
When, stately streaming o'er the morning tide,
He sees the tall ships in their glory ride!†
Each partial thought, e'en like the passing wind,
Is gone—new triumphs flash upon his mind—
Whilst to each meaner object senseless grown,
He for HIS COUNTRY breathes, and lives, and feels, alone.

† Ships at Spithead.

EPITAPH

ON

* * * * * WALMESLEY, ESQ;

IN ALVERSTOKE CHURCH, HANTS.

OH! they shall ne'er forget thee—they, who knew
 Thy soul benevolent, sincere, and true;
 The POOR, thy kindness cheer'd, thy bounty fed,
 Whom age left shiv'ring in its dreariest shed;
 Thy FRIENDS, who sorrowing saw thee (when disease
 Seem'd first the genial stream of life to freeze)
 Pale from thy hospitable home depart,
 Thy hand still open, and yet warm thy heart!

But how shall SHE her love, her loss, express—
 Thy widow, in this uttermost distress,
 When she with anguish hears her lisping train
 Upon their BURY'D FATHER call in vain?
 She wipes the tear despair had forc'd to flow,
 She lifts her look beyond this vale of woe,
 And rests (while humbled in the dust she kneels)
 ON HIM WHO ONLY KNOWS HOW MUCH SHE FEELS.

EPITAPH

ON

THE REV. JOHN HONEYWOOD,

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT BATH.

QUÆ vox ex imo pervenit missa sepulchro?

“ Desine tu conjux, sola relicta, queri.

“ En anima exultans cœlis spatiatur et altè

“ Despicit humanas, libera, læta, vices!

“ Te solùm fido reminiscitur anxia amore,

“ Et paulum ‘ fractas plorat amicitias;’

“ Donec tempus erit, cum nubila cuncta recedent,

“ Nosq; iterum, æterno fœdere junget amor!”

A G E.

AGE, thou the loss of health and friends shalt mourn!
 But thou art passing to that night-still bourne,
 Where LABOUR sleeps: The linnet, chitt'ring loud
 To the May morn, shall sing; thou, in thy shroud,
 Forgetful and forgotten, sink to rest,
 And grass-green be the sod upon thy breast!

[The reader may remember a beautiful little ballad in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy :—

- " Lay a garland on my hearse,
- " Of the dismal yew ;
- " Maidens, willow-branches bear,
- " Say I died true.
- " My love was false, but I was true
- " From my hour of birth ;
- " Upon my bury'd body lie
- " Lightly, gentle earth."

ON

A YOUNG WOMAN,

WHO DIED AT EIGHTEEN, LEAVING AN INFANT CHILD.

HE, whom I lov'd, BETRAY'D—FORSOOK!

I left my babe in helpless years,
For deep despair was on my look,
And gave my bloom of youth to tears.

PITY ME NOT; but, maidens fair,

Who pass as gay as summer by,
Think that ye hear a voice—"BEWARE,"
"LEST YE TOO BROKEN-HEARTED DIE."

RUBENS' LANDSCAPE:

WRITTEN IN LONDON, MAY 1803:

SUGGESTED BY

A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE,

IN THE POSSESSION OF

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON: Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1680.

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

FROM THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST TO THE DEATH OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND

TO
LADY BEAUMONT

*I Have a particular pleasure in inscribing these Verses ;
not so much on account of the kindness and hospitality I
have myself experienced from her LADYSHIP and SIR
GEORGE BEAUMONT, as that I have an opportunity
of making a small return of gratitude for the greatest
obligations conferred by her Family upon one who lives
not to thank them—my FATHER.**

W. L. BOWLES.

May 29th, 1803.

* The Rev. William Thomas Bowles, presented to the livings of Uphill
and Breane, Somerset, by John Willes, esq.

THE NEW YORK

The New York is a large and comfortable
 vessel, and is well fitted for service.
 She is now in the hands of the
 Government, and is being used for
 the purpose of carrying out the
 provisions of the Act of Congress
 of the 22d of March, 1847.
 She is now in the hands of the
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 of the 22d of March, 1847.

RUBENS' LANDSCAPE.

NAY, let us gaze, ev'n till the sense is full,
Upon the rich creation, shadow'd so
That not great Nature, in her loftiest pomp
Of living beauty, ever, on the sight,
Rose more magnificent; nor aught so fair
Hath Fancy, in her wild and sweetest mood,
Imag'd of things most lovely, when the sounds
Of this cold cloudy world at distance sink,
And all alone the warm idea lives
Of what is great, or beautiful, or good,
In Nature's general plan.

So the vast scope,
O RUBENS, of thy mighty mind, and such

The fervour of thy pencil, pouring wide
The still illumination, that the mind
Pauses, absorb'd, and scarcely thinks what pow'rs
Of mortal art the sweet enchantment wrought.
She sees the painter, with no human touch,
Create, embellish, animate at will,
The mimic scenes, from Nature's ampler range,
Caught, as by inspiration, while the clouds,
High wand'ring, and the fairest form of things
Seem, at his bidding, to emerge, and burn
With radiance and with life!

Let us, subdu'd
Now to THE MAGIC OF THE MOMENT, lose
The thoughts of life, and mingle every sense
Ev'n in the scenes before us!

The fresh morn
Of summer shines; the white clouds of the East
Are crisp'd; beneath, the bluey champaign steams;
The banks, the meadows, and the flow'rs, send up
An incens'd exhalation, like the meek
And holy praise of Him, whose soul's deep joy
The lone woods witness: Thou, whose heart is sick

Of vanities; who, in the throng of men,
Dost feel no lenient fellowship; whose eye
Turns, with a languid carelessness, around
Upon the toiling crowd, still murm'ring on,
Restless;—O think, in summer scenes, like these,
How sweet the sense of quiet gladliness,
That, like the silent breath of morning, steals
From lowly nooks, and feels itself expand
Amid the works of Nature, to the Power
THAT MADE THEM: to the awful thought of HIM
Who, when the morning stars shouted for joy,
Bade the GREAT SUN from tenfold darkness burst,
The green earth roll in light, and solitude
First hear the voice of man, whilst hills and woods
Stood eminent, in orient hues array'd,
His dwelling,—and all living Nature smil'd,
As in this pictur'd semblance, beaming full
Before us!

Mark again the various view—
Some city's far-off spires and domes appear,
Breaking the long horizon, where the morn
Sits blue and soft: what glowing imagery
Is spread beneath!—Towns, villages, light smoke,

And scarce-seen windmill-sails, and devious woods,
Check'ring 'mid sunshine the grass-level land,
That stretches from the sight:

Now nearer trace
The form of trees distinct, the broad brown oak,
The poplars, that, with silvery trunks, incline,
Shading the lonely castle: flakes of light
Are flung behind the massy groups, that, now
Enlarging and enlarging still, unfold
Their separate beauties.—But awhile delay—
Pass the foot-bridge, and listen, (for we hear,
Or think we hear her) listen to the song
Of yonder milk-maid, as she brims her pail,
Whilst in the yellow pasture, pensive near,
The red cows ruminate.

* * * * *

“Break off, break off,” for lo! where, all alarm'd,
The small birds,* from the late resounding perch,

* The Landscape is on so large a scale, that all these circumstances are most accurately delineated. The birds are chaffinches, sparrows, &c.

Fly various, hush'd their early song; and mark,
Beneath the darkness of the bramble-bank
That overhangs the half-seen brook, where nod
The flow'ring rushes, dew-besprent; with breast
Ruddy, and emerald wing, the king-fisher
Steals through the dripping sedge away: what shape
Of terror scares the woodland habitants,
Marring the music of the dawn? Look round,
See, where he creeps, beneath the willowy stump,
Cow'ring, and low, step silent after step,
The booted Fowler: keen his look, and fixt
Upon the adverse bank, while, with firm hand,
He grasps the deadly tube: his dog, with ears
Hung back, and still and steady eye of fire,
Points to the prey; the boor, intent, moves on
Panting, and creeping close beneath the leaves,
And fears lest ev'n the rustling reeds betray
His foot-fall; nearer yet, and yet more near,
He stalks: Ah! who shall save the heedless grouse,
The speckl'd partridges, that in the sun,
On yonder hillock green, across the stream,
Bask unalarm'd beneath the hawthorn bush,
Whose aged boughs the crawling blackberry
Intwines?

And thus, upon the sweetest scenes
Of human loveliness, and SOCIAL PEACE
DOMESTIC, when the FULL FOND HEART reclines
Upon its hopes, and almost mingles tears
Of joy, to think that in this hollow world
Such bliss should be its portion; *Then*, (alas,
The bitter change) *then*, with his unheard step,
In darkness shrouded, yet approaching fast,
DEATH, from amidst the sunny flow'rs, lifts up
His GIANT DREAD ANATOMY, and smites,
Smites the fair prospect once, whilst ev'ry bloom
Hangs rivel'd, and a sound of mourning fills
The lone and blasted valley: But no sound
Is HERE of sorrow or of death, though she,
The country Kate, with shining morning cheek,
(Who, in the tumbril, with her market-geer,
Sits seated high) seems to expect the flash
Exploding, that shall lay the innocent
And feather'd tenants of the landscape low.
Not so the CLOWN, who, heedless whether life
Or death betide, across the splashy ford
Drives slow; the beasts plod on, foot following foot,
Aged and grave, with half-erected ears,
As now his whip above their matted manes

Hangs trem'lous, while the dark and shallow stream
Flashes beneath their fetlock: he, astride
On harness saddle, not a sidelong look
Deigns at the breathing landscape, or the maid
Smiling behind; the cold and lifeless calf
Her sole companion: and so mated oft
Is some sweet maid, whose thrilling heart was form'd
For dearer fellowship. But lift the eye,
And hail the abode of rural ease.—The MAN
Walks forth, from yonder antique hall, that looks
The mistress of the scene; its turrets gleam
Amid the trees, and cheerful smoke is seen,
As if no spectred shape (though most retir'd
The spot) there ever wander'd, stol'd in white,
Along the midnight chambers; but quaint Mab
Her tiny revels led, till the rare dawn
Peep'd out, and chanticleer his shrill alarm
Beneath the window rung, then, with a wink,
The shadowy rout are vanish'd!

As the morn

Jocund ascends, how lovely is the view
To him who owns the fair domain! the friend
Of his still hours is near, to whom he vow'd

His truth: her eyes reflect his bliss; his heart
Beats high with joy; his little children play,
Pleas'd, in his pathway; one the scatter'd flow'rs
Straggling collects, the other spreads its arms,
In speechless blandishment, upon the neck
Of its caressing nurse.

Still let us gaze,
And image ev'ry form of heartfelt joy
Which scenes like these bestow, that charm the sight,
Yet soothe the spirit: all is quiet here,
Yet cheerful as the green sea, when it shines
In some still bay, shines in its loneliness
Beneath the breeze, that moves, and hardly moves,
The placid surface.

On the balustrade
Of the old bridge, that o'er the moat is thrown,
The fisher with his angle leans intent,
And turns, from the bright pomp of spreading plains,
To watch the nimble fry, that glancing oft
Beneath the grey arch shoot! O happiest he
Who steals through life, untroubled as unseen!
The distant city, with its crouded spires,

That dimly shines upon his view, awakes
No thought, but that of pleasure more composed,
As the winds whisper him to sounder sleep.
He leans upon the faithful arm of her
For whom his youthful heart beat, fondly beat,
When life was new: time steals away, yet health
And exercise are his; and in these shades,
Tho' sometimes he has mourn'd a proud world's wrong,
He feels an INDEPENDENCE that all cares
BREASTS with a carol of content; he hears
The green leaves of his old paternal trees
Make music, soothing as they stir: the elm,
And poplar with its silvery trunk, that shades
The greensward of the bank before his porch,
Are to him as companions,—while he turns
With more endearment to the LIVING smile
Of those his infants, who, when he is dead,
Shall hear the music of the self-same trees
Waving, till years roll on, and their grey hairs
Go to the dust in peace.

Away, sad thought—

Lo where the morning light, through the dark wood,
Upon the window-pane is flung, like fire.

HAIL, LIFE, and HOPE; and THOU, GREAT WORK OF
ART,

That mid this populous and busy swarm*
Of men, dost smile serene, as with the hues
Of fairest, grandest NATURE; mayst thou speak
Not vainly of th' endearments and best joys
That NATURE yields. The manliest heart that swells
With honest English feelings, (while the eye,
Sadden'd, but not cast down, beholds far off
The darkness of the onward rolling storm)
Charm'd for a moment by this mantling view,
Its anxious tumults shall suspend: and "SUCH,"
The pensive patriot shall exclaim, "thy scenes,
"My own beloved country, SUCH the abode
"Of rural peace! and while the soul has warmth,
"And voice has energy, the brave arm strength,
"ENGLAND, THOU SHALT NOT FALL! The day shall
"come,
"Yes, and now is, that THOU SHALT LIFT THYSELF,
"And woe to him who sets upon thy shores
"His hostile foot! Proud victor though he be,

* Written in London.

“ His bloody march shall never soil a flow’r
“ That hangs its sweet head, in the morning dew,
“ On thy green village banks! his muster’d hosts
“ Shall be roll’d back in thousands, and the SURGE
“ BURY THEM! Then, when PEACE illumines once more,
“ My country, thy green nooks and inmost vales,
“ It will be sweet amidst the forest glens
“ To stray, and think upon the distant storm
“ That howl’d, but injur’d not!”

At thoughts like these,
What heart, what ENGLISH HEART, but shall beat high?
Meantime, its keen flash pass’d, thine eye intent,
BEAUMONT, shall trace the master-strokes of art,
And view th’ assemblage of the finish’d piece,
As with his skill, who form’d it: Ruder views
Savage, with solitary pines, hung high
Amid the broken crags, (where scowling wait
The fierce banditti) stern Salvator’s hand
Shall aptly shade: O’er Poussin’s clust’ring domes,
With ampler umbrage, the black woods shall hang,
Beneath whose waving gloom the sudden flash
Of broken light, upon the brawling stream
Is flung below.

Aërial Claude shall paint
The grey fane peering o'er the summer woods,
The azure lake below, or distant seas,
And sails, in the pellucid atmosphere,
Soft gleaming to the morn: Dark on the rock,
Where the red lightnings burst, shall WILSON stand,
Like mighty Shakspeare, whom the imps of fire
Await: Nor oh, sweet Gainsborough, shall THEE
The muse forget, whose simple landscape smiles
Attractive, whether we delight to view
The cottage chimney through the high wood peep,
Or beggar beauty stretch her little hand
With look most innocent; or homeward kine
Wind through the hollow road at eventide,
Or brouze the straggling branches.

Scenes like these
Shall charm all hearts, while truth and beauty live,
And Nature's pictur'd loveliness shall own
Each master's various touch; but chiefly THOU,
Great Rubens, shalt the willing senses lead,
Enamour'd of the varied imagery,
That fills the vivid canvass, swelling still
On the enraptur'd eye of taste, and still

New charms unfolding; though minute, yet grand,
Simple, yet most luxuriant, every light
And every shade, greatly opposed, and all
Subserving to one magical effect,
Of Truth and Harmony.

So glows the scene;

And to the pensive thought refin'd displays
The richest rural Poem: oh may views
So pictur'd animate thy classic mind,
Beaumont, to wander mid Sicilian scenes,
And catch the beauties of the Pastoral Bard,*
Shadowing his wildest landscapes.—Ætna's fires,
Bebrycian rocks, Anapus' holy stream,
And woods of ancient Pan: the broken crag
And the old fisher here; the purple vines
There bending; and the smiling boy,† set down
To guard, who, innocent and happy, weaves,
Intent, his rushy basket, to ensnare
The chirping grasshoppers, nor sees the while
The lean fox meditate her morning meal,

* Theocritus. Alluding to a design of illustrating the *picturesque character* of the venerable Sicilian, by paintings of Sir George, from new translations of Messrs. Sotheby, Rogers, Howley, W. Spencer, and the author.

† Landscapes taken from the first idyll of Theocritus.

Eyeing his scrip askance, whilst farther on
Another treads the purple grapes—he sits,
Nor aught regards, but the green rush he weaves.

O Beaumont, let this pomp of light and shade
Wake thee, to paint the woods, that the sweet Muse
Has consecrated: then the summer-scenes
Of Phasidamus,* clad in richer light,
Shall glow, the glancing poplars, and clear fount;
While distant times admire (as now we trace
This summer-mantling view) hoar Ætna's pines,
The vine-hung grotts, and branching planes, that shade
The silver Arethusa's stealing wave.

* See the exquisite landscape in the seventh idyll.

ON
THE HARP, AND DESPAIR,
OF
COWPER.

SWEET bard, whose tones great Milton might approve,
And Shakspeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As if in full accord it pour'd an angel's strain!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seem'd, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above to glance?
Was it a FIEND of DARKNESS pass'd!
Oh speak—
Paleness is upon his cheek—
On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the lov'd lyre it fal's, falls from his nerveless hand!

II.

“ Come, peace of mind, delightful guest,

“ O come, and make thy downy nest

“ Once more on his sad heart ;”

Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed ;

Sweet Hope, support his aged head ;

And Charity, avert the burning dart !

Fruitless the pray’r—the night of deeper woes

Seems o’er the head e’en now to close ;

In vain the path of purity he trod,

In vain, in vain,

He pour’d from fancy’s shell his sweetest hermit strain—

He has no hope on earth forsake him not, O GOD.

PROSPERO's

ADIEU TO ARIEL.

“NOW be free, and fare thee well,”
My spirit, my lov'd ARIEL.

To freedom and delight resign'd,
Speed upon the viewless wind,
Speed upon the wind, or play,
Following swift the summer ray,
Buoyant on the western breeze,
Over hills and over seas!

Or in the bell of shelt'ring flow'r,
When passing steams the vernal show'r,
Couch upon the trembling stem,
Yet shake not from its cup the gem;

Then away, away, away,
Where the rainbow-tints decay!

Never more shalt thou perform
My fearful hests amid the storm,
Pour the lightning's angry blaze,
Whilst all around is wild amaze!
Never more shalt thou go forth,
"Upon the sharp wind of the North,"
"Or do my errants" in the deep,
Where the dead of ages sleep!

A thousand fathoms now below,
Thus my wizard wand I throw.
Ceas'd for ever is the spell,
THOU BE FREE, and FARE THEE WELL.



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